

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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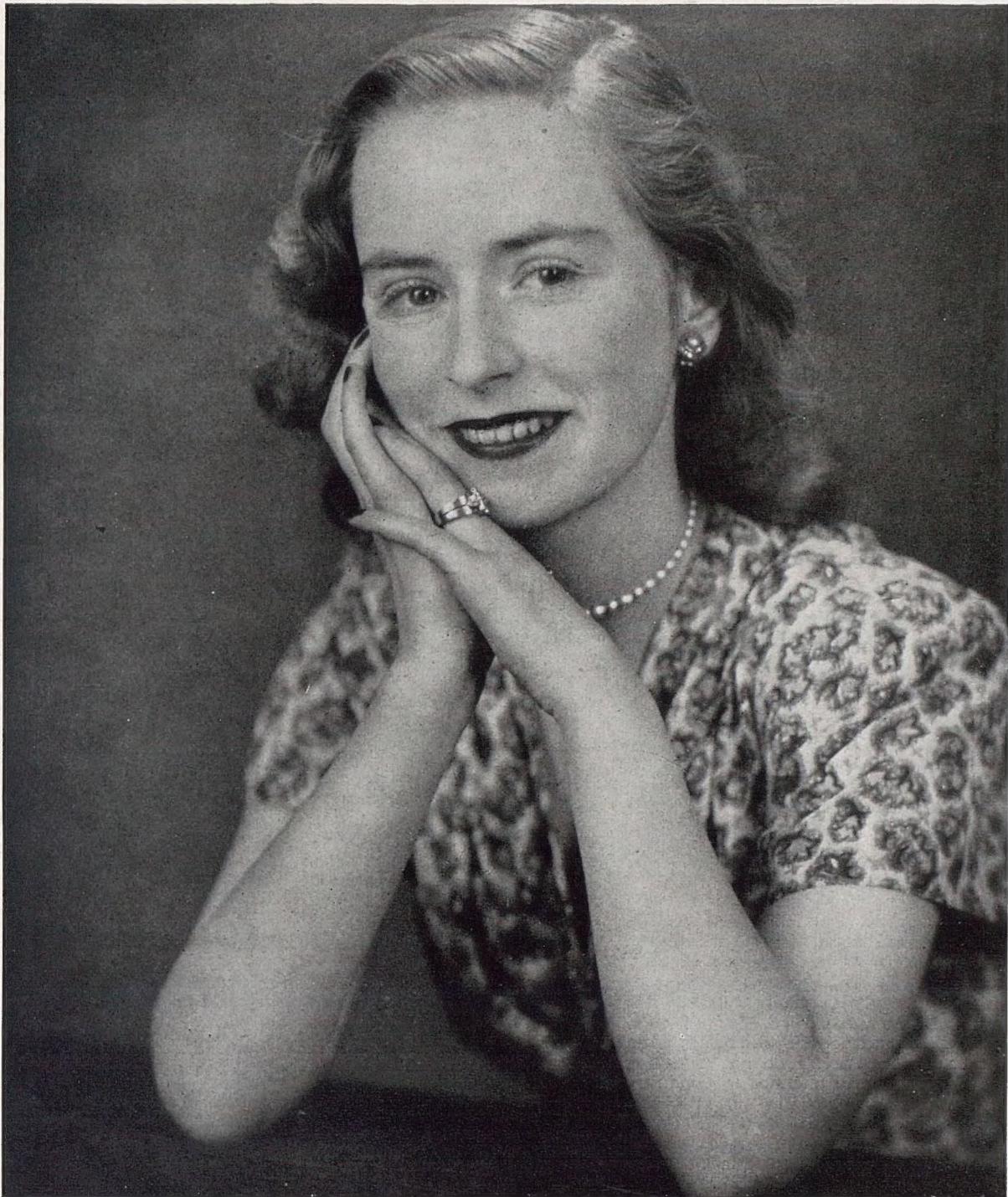
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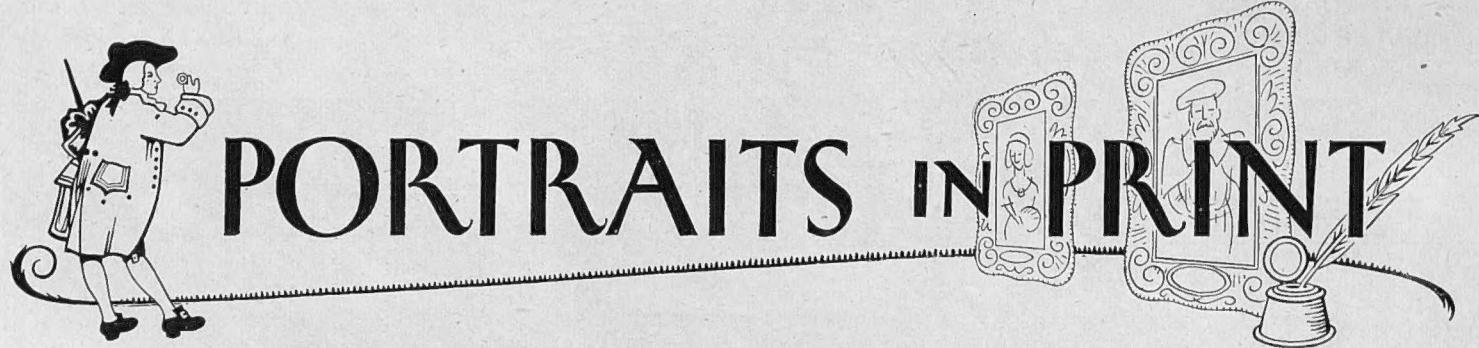
THE
TATLER
and BYSTANDER



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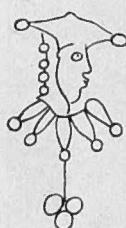
LADY CECILIA EVELYN ANSON

Lady Cecilia Anson, who is to be married in September to Captain John Henry Wiggin, M.C., Grenadier Guards, is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, and her fiancé is the only son of Sir Charles Wiggin, Bt., and Lady Wiggin, of Honington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour. He served in the Middle East during the war, while Lady Cecilia was in the W.R.N.S.



Sean Fielding

The Papermakers of Kent



THE rumpus over the Government's action in cutting supplies of newsprint, to which I had occasion to refer in this column last week, has by no means died down; but the plain truth must now be faced—the cut will remain, for six months at least and most probably for much longer than that. Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues do not accept the view that they have erred in principle or otherwise. Protests and pleas have moved them not at all. It now remains to be seen how many of the smaller newspapers, the local weeklies and suchlike, go to the wall as a result. In the meantime, I take it that all those most closely affected have read the Hansard reports of the House of Commons debate in this matter? Paper restrictions do not (rightly) affect Hansard which is at all times freely available to those who wish it.

The debate was not a very good one at any point and was not at all improved by Mr. Aneurin Bevan's winding-up speech which concluded with these very odd words: "It is really a very serious thing for the morale of the country if, when we come forward at a serious time like this, and propose a reduction in our dollar payments, we should have special pleading from various sections of the community, and, of course, exploitation of the difficulties for party purposes."

Down Lack-Logic Lane

As an example of specious nonsense, this was excellent; as an example of ministerial reasoning and argument, it was abominable.

Earlier Sir Stafford Cripps had said, "People will differ, naturally, as to the incidence of those cuts which have to be made, and perhaps it is not surprising to find that the Press are unanimously against this particular cut. It would indeed have been extremely surprising if they had not been. Therefore, I do not think one ought to pay too great attention to the accounts that have appeared in the Press, as they are an interested party in this issue..."

Will both or either of these gentlemen (Sir Stafford for preference, seeing he is a lawyer) now kindly state when the evidence of an interested party ceased in law to be of great and essential importance?

Chinese Invention

AT this point I wish to turn aside from newsprint to paper of quite another kind about which a reader has been good enough to write me at some length. He says: The making of paper by hand is still an exceedingly important and highly skilled craft in England. The paper industry in Europe is one of the results of wars. The Arabs, who defeated a Chinese army near Samarkand in the middle of the eighth

century, learned the art of paper making from their Chinese prisoners. The Arabs developed the art and gradually introduced it throughout their empire, until it reached Spain in the middle of the twelfth century.

From China via the Arabs and Spain, the art reached England, and the first English paper mill was established in Hertfordshire about 1490. The founder of this mill died in 1507, the mill fell into disuse, and more than fifty years elapsed before the next effort was made to start a paper mill in England.

Early ventures in paper making in England did not meet with much success, one of the main reasons for this being the difficulty in obtaining skilled workpeople. During the reign of Elizabeth, however, there was a constant stream of foreign refugees to England, and it is known that among them were some who were skilled at making paper.

Paper is made by hand today in the same way as it was made by the Chinese eighteen centuries ago. The basic process has remained unchanged, and among the few English districts where paper making by hand is still carried on, the charming old world village of Eynsford, in Kent, is a noted centre. Its products have for long been known and appreciated in many countries. Hand-made paper favours Kent, where for reasons connected with water supply and that elusive factor known as "local tradition," it has been made time out of mind. The Kentish mills do not obtrude their origins in any heavy-handed way, although they possess and prize museum specimens testifying to the excellence and permanence of their work, should we desire more than the proofs contained in the great libraries.

A Village Industry

THE industry of the paper mill belongs to the village and it mixes very well with that other industry of agriculture in those long fertile valleys. It is, therefore, not less modern nor lacking in skill and practicalness because those who work at it are the same race, and the trade little changed in many centuries.

This craft of hand-made paper is frequently regarded as old-fashioned, in the sense that, amid the hurry and scurry of the present day, it does not conform to popular notions and employ machinery. Such an idea is ridiculous. The test is not here of speed or quantity, but of a particular kind of efficiency. A change of method—from hand to power—is assumed to be the only change, actually this always brings about such changes in the mixture and in details of manufacture that the product is studied from an altogether different angle.

Hand-made paper aims simply at being the best kind of paper; at being efficient upon its own grounds for the needs of the day. Where

science can improve upon the process nothing is left undone that will ensure the best quality—yet what strikes the visitor at a paper mill is the simplicity of the method. Mechanical means are not scorned where they lighten labour as, for example, in reducing the material to small fragments, but it is constantly tested in order that no deleterious foreign matter should appear in the finished sheet. The dipping of the mould, which is itself a marvel of design and workmanship, is a crucial process demanding great skill, and there must be ten ways of making a bad sheet as against one of making a sheet true in weight and substance.

You will find no better paper than is made today by men and women whose ancestors followed the same craft and whose children are likely to continue in it.

Music of the Folios

ALL too rarely does one receive a letter of this kind and less and less does one hear craftsmen spoken of in terms of proper admiration and respect. As to hand-made paper, it has always been my special delight to possess a small quantity and I have never forgotten old Dr. Dibdin, that genuine bibliomaniac, writing of "the music of the rustle of leaves when turned over in a good book." One has also, over the years, gathered some slight knowledge of the papermarks, or watermarks, which the old papermakers used to distinguish their own manufacture; by their aid an approximate date to books or documents may be obtained and in courts of law such evidence has, occasionally, proved of use, especially so when brought to bear on cases of forgery. One of the earliest papermarks consists of a circle surmounted by a cross, resembling those borne in the hands of sovereign princes on state occasions, and typical of the Christian faith—the cross planted on earth, I believe this very interesting mark is met on documents as early as 1300.

It is a very curious fact that some of the most ancient technical terms used in the first printing offices are still employed by modern printers. We ask today for paper in accordance with the old distinctive watermarks of qualities or sizes. The *fleur-de-lis* (symbol of the House of Burgundy) has long been the distinctive mark of *demy* paper; and *foolscap* paper, upon which I am at this moment typing, was originally marked with a fool's head, wearing the cap and bells, such as the privileged jesters of the old nobility and gentry appear to have worn from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. This curious mark distinguished the paper until the middle of the seventeenth century when the English papermakers adopted the figure of Britannia; but the old name remains.

Bashful Monster

IT is already August—and still no sign of the Loch Ness monster. What can have happened to the old gentleman? Nothing harmful, I trust, for I have in him a personal interest that goes back some years and which I have never for one moment lost. He comes into my mind just now because I observe that today August 6, is the ninety-ninth anniversary of a related event—the appearance off the Cape of Good Hope of a singular monster which caused much excitement. It was seen by members of the crew of H.M.S. Daedalus and their evidence was supported by the captain of the vessel, one Capt. M'Quhae. The general impression produced was that the animal belonged rather to the lizard than the serpent tribe; its movement was steady, rapid, and uniform, as if propelled by fins rather than by undulating power. Just like our old friend, in fact, who, I may now say, owes much of his fame to your correspondent.

This statement would appear to require some substantiation, and the way of it is as follows. Some years before the war I was employed as a writer by one of our best known mammoth-sale daily newspapers. The time was high summer (technically known as the "silly season") when matters of diverting interest were hard to come by and still harder to sustain. It was my task to find such, and by a series of chances which need not here concern us I was in conversation with Mr. Cecil Orr, then (as I believe he still is) Press officer to the Automobile Association.

Now, in the course of our talk, Mr. Orr mentioned that he had received a number of reports from A.A. scouts in the neighbourhood of Fort William which made good reading; it seemed that there was something in the Loch

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES**THE NEATHERD AND HIS SEVEN SONS**

An ancient Neatherd, near to death,
Said with his pre-penultimate breath,
 "My sons, who number seven,
United you can do a lot;
As individuals, not. So what?"
 Which done, he went to Heaven.

This last injunction of their Dad's
Enormously impressed the lads;
 They swore to stick together.
United they would herd that Neat
And wash its face and sponge its feet
 And button up its tether.

Their epitaph—I think I can
Roughly recall the way it ran,
 Its simple rustic wording—
Was this: "Kind friend, beneath your feet
Lie Seven Brothers plus One Neat.
 They died from over-herding."

Immoral: Unity is Bunk or What is a Neat, anyway?

Justin Richardson

which local persons had long known about and which many motorists swore they too had seen.

A monster of some sort, said Mr. Orr.

Newspoint (apologies for returning to the subject) was not then controlled. Indeed, some thought there was rather too much of it; but however that may have been, space was available and much credit went to him who could help to fill it. How better could this be done in the "silly season" than with a monster?

The Wires Hummed

THOSE A.A. reports were smartly extracted. Telephone calls were made. And, say it though I perhaps should not, a splendid story

The concentrated care they took
Though giving it a *soigné* look
 Made it grow ever thinner;
But still it had a *lovely* hide—
Sightseers came from far and wide;
 Lots of them stayed to dinner.

The brothers couldn't be so rude
As to refuse such types some food—
 Some simple cold collation,
Even though they themselves had none.
In consequence, and one by one,
 They perished of starvation.

was produced for the edification of readers and the subsequent benefit of many pockets—mine included. I am not here saying that this was the first mention in print of the Loch Ness monster; but it certainly was the first time the old fellow was given countrywide notice. From that moment he went from strength to strength, gaining world fame and a notable place in sea-serpent history. We even, on one occasion, found one of his foot-prints. A plaster cast was taken; but unfortunately my friend Pycroft at the Natural History Museum identified it as that of a long-dead elephant.

All this is really to say again, what has happened to the old gentleman?

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

A BOY of twelve and a girl of eight walked haltingly in the grounds of the Katmandu palace of the Kings of Nepal. They circled the sacred flame which burns in the palace grounds, while priests chanted. As the singing died away, the king told the child-bridegroom: "For better or worse the bride has been given to you: treat her kindly." The boy addressed, third son of the disciplinarian and reformer, the Maharajah Chandra, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., for twenty-eight years all-powerful premier, promised gentle consideration for the girl. Then the bride, the king's daughter, heiress-presumptive to the throne, clasped her companion's hand as they repeated the set phrase, their eyes turned towards the Polar Star, "May our love be as fixed as this star and may it never set." The king's and premier's families were united.

The bridegroom is now His Excellency Commanding General Kaiser Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., whose culture, travel, military skill, humanitarianism and immense reading are a source of reflected pride to the Nepalese, whom he now serves as first Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. He is the only envoy to King George VI who can claim acquaintance with four British sovereigns.

IN 1908 Kaiser—already Minister of Commerce, at sixteen—visited London ("the British here differed from the I.C.S."), for his father was disturbed by what seemed an attempt by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, quietly to incorporate the kingdom into India. The *Imperial Gazetteer* had included Nepal among India's native states, but the foolish error was promptly corrected in a special edition.

Between the kingdom set in sight of Everest, and Great Britain, there has long been friendship of the kind that dispenses with conventional phrases. In the first and second World Wars Nepal's princes and people helped on a magnificent scale, though under no formal obligation.

Possessor of the British 1914-18 War Medal, Kaiser, pronounced "Ca-ser," is remembered for monetary, martial and material contributions. He gave over a million rupees to the interest-free Defence

Bonds, trained the world's dourest fighters (Gurkhas collected ten V.C.s in 1939-1945), and as Director-General of Forests ensured that, in the words of Lord Mountbatten, the C.-in-C. S.E.A.C., received adequate supplies of railway sleepers and other timber in the crucial years, 1942-1945.

Kaiser lent his castle in Benares to the Government of India to store its priceless zoological treasures. His Katmandu palace, with a lovingly collected library of over 20,000 volumes in English, is the browsing place for scholars of all races from most parts of the world. Here are also to be seen the Sanskrit palm-leaf manuscripts, written in Gupta characters 1,600 years ago.

BEIJING Chandra's request, "Remember you are the son of a soldier, not of a maharajah," Kaiser nevertheless succeeded in thirty-two years as Commerce Minister in achieving progress of importance for the entire nation. He imported iron bridges, Lombardy poplars, Guernseys, Shorthorns and Jerseys (the last still flourish). No student will forget his excavations at Lumbini, site of the reputed birthplace twenty-five centuries ago of Buddha, or his three four-month tours as the Director-General of Archaeology. He spent fruitful years as Foreign Minister in the fateful period, 1932-1937, and as a member of the Supreme Court of Appeal for eight years, his judgments are often quoted. He has also been Mayor of Katmandu.

In 1922 he headed the committee to entertain the Prince of Wales and watched his guest escape certain death by shooting a charging hamadryad snake within ten yards, and in London he treasures the signed picture given to him as a youth of nineteen by George V and by Queen Mary.

George Bilainkin



H.E. Kaiser Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., Nepalese Ambassador at St. James's. From a painting by De László



The Publican and His Wife (Bernard Lee, Beatrice Varley) whose indomitable British spirit carries them through the strains and stresses of the occupation

Anthony Cookman

and Tom Titt

at the

VERY likely Mr. Noel Coward's latest play will run for a long while. Yet it is not, I fancy, the kind of play that he had hoped to write, and should it succeed merely on its incidental brightness and easy appeals to patriotic feeling, possibly he, no less than his admirers, will be disappointed.

Peace in Our Time is certainly not one of those entertainments contrived with tongue in cheek, and seeking no higher praise than the assurance that the author "has got away with it." It is a serious attempt to imagine what London would have been like under German occupation, and the admirable first scene suggests that Mr. Coward has chosen to re-write history because he has something of dramatic importance to say. The nine o'clock news, for which the whole scene has been a careful preparation, silences the regulars of a West End "local" in which we are to pass the evening. The announcer speaks, and (so adroit has been the preparation) we find no sort of difficulty in believing that Hitler is in residence at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Coward has begun beautifully. We are curious and expectant.

WE are curious to know how the Germans will behave in England and how the English reaction to alien rule may differ from the French. If there are to be no differences what is the point of writing about something that did not in fact happen? And it is with growing disappointment that we become aware that Mr. Coward has refused the imaginative effort needed to justify his choice of subject.

Of course he exploits English humours, but otherwise he is satisfied to let London follow the precedents set in Paris. The Germans are calculatingly polite; the English at a loss to learn how they may express their dislike of being governed by Germans. Resistance stiffens; the invaders show their teeth; and the coming of the American armies of liberation turns the tables on them.

No matter, then, we murmur resignedly: if we are not to have the subject treated with genuine distinction, in a way that would

Show Guide

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being sidesplittingly funny.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

Boys in Brown (Duchess). The great problem of which Borstal is the symbol sympathetically treated.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Trespass (Globe). Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Men Without Shadows and **The Respectable Prostitute** (Lyric, Hammersmith). Jean-Paul Sartre's much-debated plays on the French Resistance and the U.S. colour bar.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's excursion on marriage, light in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Deep are the Roots (Wyndham's). Moving study of the U.S. colour problem, with Patrick Barr.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Homer and Patricia Kneale.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



Resistance Leader and His Girl (Kenneth More and Hazel Terry). Douglas, and Lydia, a cabaret singer, are apparently quite amiable to the new regime but their attitude hides an entirely different feeling

Theatre

"Peace In Our Time"

(Lyric)

bring to sudden and vivid realization the essential English virtues and weaknesses, perhaps Mr. Coward has an exciting melodrama of the Resistance movement to unfold. But such a melodrama, if it is to hang together and beget suspense, needs single-minded concentration; and here the story-teller is fatally handicapped by his hopes of bringing off something altogether bigger and better.

An escaped prisoner branded with hot irons turns up in the bar and is hidden; the publican's daughter, a courageous but somewhat imprudent underground worker, is flung tortured and dying into her mother's arms; and the Gauleiter responsible for the torturing of the girl is dragged bound and gagged back to the audience and left exposed to German bullets. But these incidents are only superficially effective; they are not particularly well woven into the story.

If the play flourishes it will not be because it is a good play which adds to Mr. Coward's reputation or because it has the tension proper to melodrama. It will flourish because quarrellings are always good theatrical stuff, and the piece is abundantly supplied with bright bar-side bickerings and with odious characters who can sooner or later be dressed down in tremendous style.

It will flourish because Mr. Coward is as skilful as ever in sketching a type with a few lines of taut dialogue, and it will be because the audiences will not object to the heroics that the young men of the Resistance spout so freely or to the lady novelist who looses off a sizeable slice of Shakespeare on England while the bar falls silent.

THREE are some thirty characters who require, and receive, neat playing. Especially good are Mr. Bernard Lee and Miss Beatrice Varley, Mr. Olaf Pooley and Mr. Ralph Michael; and the mind lingers affectionately on the tweed old lady of Miss Janet Barrow who is the conspicuous head and front of resistance in Barsetshire.



The Collaborator and His Gestapo Friend (Olaf Pooley, Ralph Michael): Chorley Bannister, the mealy-mouthed little intellectual who is only too anxious to inform against his countrymen pleases Herr Richter



The Cockney Couple (Brian Carey and Dandy Nichols): Alfie Blake keeps his spirits up by expounding his version of high military strategy but his wife Lily is not impressed

Backstage

TWO men and a girl who last autumn unostentatiously opened up theatre management in Curzon Street, are behind the production of *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite*, by Leo Marks, which comes to the St. Martin's on August 20. They are ex-Army captains Michael Hickman and Tony Pigott; the girl is pretty Eva Gibson, actress wife of the late Guy Gibson, V.C.

Their Curzon Street H.Q. is the quaint house into which Thackeray put Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair*. Actors and actresses who visit the office find it pleasantly unorthodox. It has chintz curtains, antique furniture and Fritz, a noisy dachshund for watchdog.

This young firm has some interesting plans. Two musicals, four plays, a revue and a pantomime, are being prepared and constant contact is kept with European and American show business. That they are already serving youth is borne out by the casting of Patricia Plunkett for the title role in *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite*. Two years ago she was at the R.A.D.A. Then Peter Cotes put her into *Pick-Up Girl*. Recently she completed her first film role in Ealing's *It Always Rains on Sunday*. Now, with Clifford Mollison, Betty Stockfield and Louise Hampton, she gets her first West End star part.

ANOTHER newcomer in West End management is Arthur Lane who is putting on the £15,000 revival of Millöcker's operetta *The Dubarry*, which with Irene Manning and John Hendrik opens its prior-to-London tour at Manchester, on August 19.

Slim, fair and good-looking, and of typical naval breeziness, Lane was a lieutenant-commander during the war. Seventeen years ago at the age of twenty he took to the stage in provincial repertory. When the European war ended he organized and toured the all-male naval revue *Tokio Express* throughout the Far East. Though his main interest now is in management he is playing the part of Choiseul in *The Dubarry*, as to the possibilities of which, remembering the success of the play in 1932, he has high hopes.

I think Londoners will take to the American singer Irene Manning. She is a striking blonde of definite

personality and is already well known to filmgoers for her parts in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *A Yank in Grosvenor Square*. In the States she is very popular as an operetta, concert and radio singer.

THOUGH Sir Ralph will be filming and by that time Sir Laurence will, in all probability, be in the Antipodes, the Old Vic will have a strong company when the autumn season opens at the New on November 4, with *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke as Petruchio and Katharina and Bernard Miles and George Relph as Sly and Grumio. *Richard II* will be revived the following week with Alec Guinness again playing the King and towards the end of the month *St. Joan* will be added to the repertory with Celia Johnson as Joan, as a most interesting prospect. In the New Year, Guinness will be seen in the leading part in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

Renée Asherson and Mark Digham are other newcomers to the company which will give performances of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Richard II*, at the Edinburgh Festival from August 26 to September 6, before making an eight-weeks' tour beginning at Belfast, on September 8.

TO MMY TRINDER will stay in *Here, There and Everywhere* until the end of its run at the Palladium. He is due to star in cabaret at La Martinique, one of New York's foremost night resorts, and in a musical show for Lee Shubert, but that will not be until the Palladium revue ends.

THE recent week's holiday given to Sid Field and the rest of the *Piccadilly Hayride* company appears to have given a new spell of life to the Prince of Wales show. Booking is so big that it will run at least until January which means that Mae West will not be seen here until next year.

Beaumont Lend.



Phyllis Calvert as Kate in her first Hollywood film, "Time Out of Mind"

disciplinary limitations which every art and craft, from cricket to counterpoint, needs to keep it in shape. But gradually films began to sprawl outside this manageable framework until today it is no uncommon torment to have to watch the flimsiest film meander on, shapelessly and senselessly, for a hundred minutes, a hundred and ten, even for two or three hours.

THE time has come, it seems to me, to introduce in self-defence a new measure in estimating the entertainment worth of films, namely their length. There are of course other factors, and a film's quality cannot be calculated exactly in inverse ratio to its quantity; but we should not go far wrong if, in marking a film for merit, we took off a mark for every minute over ninety that the film runs.

At the Warner Theatre *Nora Prentiss* takes 111 minutes to reach the secret which the posters ask us provocatively whether we would keep. For the first eighty minutes or so this is an effective sample of the type of thing at which Hollywood is adept, the type described in the jargon of the trade, truthfully if crudely, as "romantic sex melodrama."

The romance is an obvious enough case of Indian summer for a staid, stuck-in-the-mud, clockbound doctor. Dr. Talbot's home-life is a severe but fair version of the kind of marriage polite convention calls happy, though his affections are not yet as congealed as his wife's. When a casual patient whom he brings in from a slight street accident proves to be a sophisticated night-club singer, with all the warm vitality and glamour of Miss Ann Sheridan, the poor man really doesn't stand a chance.

Their inevitable mutual attraction is distinguished by restrained dialogue and uncommonly faithful characterization, which give it a flavour of passion as authentic as anything we have seen on the screen since the Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer *Love Affair*. Kent Smith is convincingly cast as the middle-aged *paterfamilias* who stumbles, starry-eyed and all unaware where he is heading, through the routine paces of belated calf-love. Miss Ann Sheridan, whose development from "Oomph" to acting surpasses the similar achievement of the late and sincerely lamented Jean Harlow, has acquired dignity and even depth. She makes her *Nora Prentiss* first amused, then touched, by the doctor's bashful ingenuousness; gives her the allure to turn his head, the heart to be touched by the ingenuousness she begins by mocking, and the sense to see the dangers into which she allows her emotions to sweep her after a very feeble show of reluctance.

These are real characters and their love affair rings true. So does the doctor's subsequent

At The Pictures

Time Out of Joint

ONE hour and a quarter used to be the approved average running time of a film, with a possible extension up to an hour and a half for exceptionally ambitious stories. In those good old days, it was generally recognized that an hour and a half of watching moving pictures on a screen was as much as either eyes or nerves could stand. Acceptance of this sound principle provided films with one of the

inevitable disintegration under the strain of furtiveness and deception, a decline thorough enough to satisfy any censorship demand that the wages of sin be publicly paid.

Admittedly the situation is one as difficult to resolve satisfactorily in fiction as in fact. The love story is over and the film finished once the doctor realizes that he was never cut out to figure in a Great Romance, and Nora's instinct is sound when she tries to sail out from San Francisco.

Unfortunately Nora is not allowed to get away alone and the film is not allowed to finish, but runs amok for twenty superfluous minutes of lurid melodrama with all the stops out, culminating in the most phoney act of sacrifice ever concocted. The only conceivable justification for these fatal extra minutes would be the director's anxiety to put off as long as possible the evil ending to a film which up to the ninety-minute line has been enjoyable grown-up emotional entertainment.

IRRITATING as it is to see a good film spoilt by nobody knowing when to stop, it is obviously far greater torment to endure 103 minutes of inanity which would be intolerable in a comedy two-reeler. For taste and humour, *Living in a Big Way*, lately at the Empire, is pretty much on a par with some old comedy shorts.

This puerile piece is a starring vehicle for Gene Kelly, claimant to Fred Astaire's place as the screen's *premier danseur*. Mr. Kelly, it would be fair to recall, has in the past shown himself a most excellent actor, as well as a brilliant dancer. Here he goes through the humiliating motions of a demobbed Petruchio come home to tame his unbelievably witless war-bride (Marie McDonald).

It is never wise to expect much of vehicles for dancing or singing stars, but this one has not even the excuse of devoting much of its length to Gene Kelly's dances, which are far too few and far between to compensate for the intervening waste land. He is partnered in turn by a pleasant mongrel dog, a vulgar statue, and a horde of little girls whom he leads in "Ring-a-ring of Roses," "Luby Loo" and the rest of their repertoire. Except for the peculiar light thrown on America's postwar divorce problem and housing schemes for war veterans (in the derelict family mansion), it is difficult to see why this film ever got made at all. That it should drivel on for 103 minutes is cruelty to audiences.

TIME Out of Mind, showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is a decently short film, measured by the clock, but it feels as long as its title. Exceptions prove every rule and film time may be relative as well as absolute. A short film which succeeds in crowding as many mistakes as this into 88 minutes can, and does, feel years longer than a two-hour film whose only fault is its length.

First this is based on a big novel by Rachel Field. Not having read it I have nothing against the book, but almost any full-dress novel is a dangerous basis for a film. Then the plot is the most antique of Cinderella stories, the one about the maid who married her master. To confuse the issue, the whole question of the heroine's status is most obscure, since Cinderella-Kate is an elegant English lady (Phyllis Calvert) who is treated exactly like a daughter in the wealthy New England family where her mother is housekeeper or lady's maid—it is not made very clear which. Kate is so evidently the First Lady in the household, that I couldn't for a long time decide whether New England daughters called their fathers "Sir" at the turn of the century or whether, more improbably

in the heart of American snobbery, the huge staff of servants called the daughters of the house by their Christian names.

Another serious snag is that Chris, the hero and son and heir (Robert Hutton), is a composer. Composers should not be film heroes, in the present state of Hollywood music at least, unless their music is only talked about and not heard. The first sample of Chris's composition—not to be mistaken for Show-pin's or Show-pang's, as his sister explains—set me firmly on the side of his martinet sea-captain father who wants to drive him out to sea.

UNFORTUNATELY Chris has two doting women to cosset and protect him: possessive sister Rissa (Ella Raines) and Kate who borrows the money for his Paris training from an admirer in the local fish-and-chip trade. The third woman in his life (Helen Carter), the rich wife he marries in Paris, more sensibly if less sentimentally tries to exploit his gifts for her own entertainment. The variation on "Daisy, Daisy" which he disgraces her by introducing into his masterpiece at the concert, where he arrives drunk, is the most encouraging piece in the whole score.

After this scandal (and after the old sea-captain's death), the enterprising Kate leads—or follows—Chris back to the deserted family mansion. Considering Kate's own respectability and the conventions of the period, this really was remarkably enterprising of her, so much so as to warrant an explanation which the film, however, fails to provide. Anyhow she gets there; and in the unpropitious atmosphere of a dark, dank, empty mausoleum, proceeds to wean Chris back from rum to music and to effect single-handed his moral and musical rehabilitation. This is a film whose shortness is its main asset, for had it been longer it would have been even harder to bear.

One disappointment is the direction of Robert Siodmak, who has done some intelligent work lately, but who seems, understandably enough, to have given up after the brief initial attempt to present an amusing portrait of a prosperous New England household at the turn of the century. Still more distressing is the failure to give Miss Phyllis Calvert an adequate Hollywood debut. She looks charming, acts as well as anybody could in the circumstances, and her nice natural smile is the most live thing in the film. But this farrago of Jane Eyre-cum-Constant Nymph no more does her justice than *The Hucksters*, arriving a couple of weeks earlier, does justice to Deborah Kerr. Neither film can make up for the loss to British films of two of our most promising women stars. At this rate it may be found desirable to introduce an export ban on British film stars. But perhaps Mr. Dalton would morbidly insist that these lovely ladies, too, must be sacrificed for dollars.

FINALLY, to confirm my time theory, the shortest film of the four, *The Web*, is quite the most satisfactory. A taut, trim thriller, without pretensions, without big stars and without loose ends.

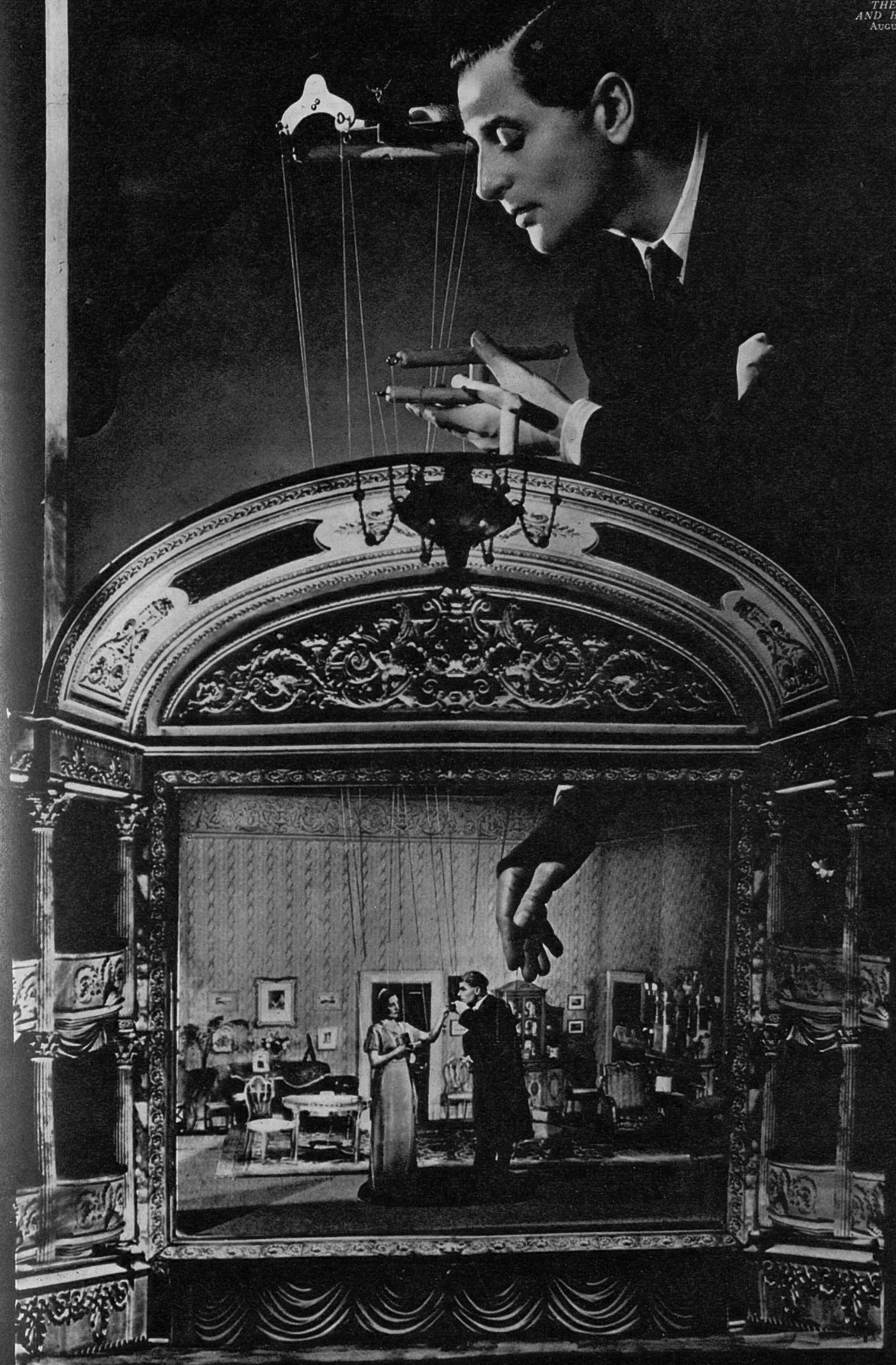
Edmond O'Brien plays the budding lawyer who takes a job as bodyguard to an industrialist (Vincent Price). Next night he has to shoot a man, and before long finds himself in as tight a frame-up as can be convincingly broken down. The industrialist's secretary (Ella Raines again) plays a more than merely decorative part and William Bendix, always an asset, is at his blandest and most astringent as a detective with the best lines. Every character is an essential piece in the plot; and tension is skilfully and evenly maintained to turn out a thoroughly tailor-made job.

F. B. L.

Play Personalities (No. 4):

HUGH
BEAUMONT

Known to the whole theatrical world as "Binkie," Hugh Beaumont is one of the most powerful and brilliant men in the theatre. Managing director of H. M. Tennent, his productions recently occupied six West End stages—The Piccadilly, Haymarket, Lyric, Globe, Criterion and Aldwych—and more plays are in the course of preparation. He is also a director of the Company of Four at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The theatre he is playing with in this picture is the Lyric, and the scene is from *The Winslow Boy*. The artists who are so nobly consenting to appear as puppets are Emlyn Williams and Angela Baddeley in their roles of Sir Robert Morton, K.C., and Catherine Winslow.





The Duchess of Gloucester at a "fishing" competition. The party, which was in aid of the Dockland Settlements, was held in the grounds of St. James's Palace by permission of H.M. the King

The Duchess of Gloucester at a Children's Party



Mrs. Sholto-Cooke with her daughter Fiona, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava with her son, the present Marquess



The Marchioness of Tavistock with Sir Gavin Lyle (left), her sons, Lord Howland and Lord Rudolph Russell, and Lorna Lyle



Lady Sarah Curzon (nearest camera), Susan and Anne Shafto, daughters of Countess Howe, and Sarah Barford on the roundabout



Mrs. Margaret Sweeny settles her daughter Frances firmly in the seat for a ride



Bobbie and Pipyn Baker, daughters of Mrs. Alan Baker, have an exciting slide on the chute



Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, with her daughters, Charmian and Georgina



A charming pair of twins, Elizabeth and Jane Henderson, aged four-and-a-half, who were at the party



Count Henry Bentinck, a relative of the Duke of Portland, and, Miss E. Gryson-Ellis at the reception, which was held at the Dorchester



The Hon. Gerard Noel, brother of the bridegroom, who was best man, and Lady Dashwood, wife of Sir John Dashwood, Premier Baronet of England



Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and Miss Madeline Lambert were among the guests



The bride and bridegroom after the ceremony, which was conducted at Brompton Oratory by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster. The bride is the elder daughter of the Hon. J. J. Stourton and of the Hon. Mrs. Stourton. The small attendants were Celia Vaughan-Lee and Sarah Hope, and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Patricia Stourton, Miss Monica Stourton, Miss Magdalen Eyston and Miss Elizabeth Eyston

The Earl of Gainsborough Marries Miss Mary Stourton



Doreen Lady Brabourne, the Marquess of Reading, Mrs. Oliver Hoare and Mrs. Lionel Heal



Miss Anne Hawkins, a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch, Mrs. Edward Loyd, Miss Patricia Bailey and Mrs. Tim Collins

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THEIR MAJESTIES' day in the lovely Scottish Isle of Arran, which they visited with the two Princesses and Lt. Philip Mountbatten at the end of their visit to the Home Fleet, was one of the happiest and most informal days of the whole Royal stay in Scotland. The Duke and Duchess of Montrose, hosts to the Royal party for the day—the whole island is Montrose property, through the Duchess, who is a Hamilton—planned this as a holiday, and the King and Queen much enjoyed the quiet peace of Brodick Castle and the calm, restful atmosphere of the island after their crowded days in Edinburgh and with the Fleet. The last Royal visit to Arran was by King Edward VII, during his recuperative cruise after his illness in 1902, and the Duke pointed out to the King the stone which commemorates his grandfather's landing at the Castle steps, after Queen Alexandra, sighting the island from the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, had decided it was too pretty to pass.

Lady Jean Graham, tall and fair-haired, helped her parents to entertain their Royal guests, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute were also in the party, which included the Countess of Halifax, in waiting on Her Majesty, and Lady Margaret Egerton, in waiting on the Princesses. Tea was taken at Dubhgharadh (*anglice* Douglie) shooting lodge before the Royal party re-embarked at Lochranza Pier to sail to the mainland in H.M.S. Superb.

IN the absence of the Countess of Halifax, chairman of the Première Committee, who was in Scotland in waiting on H.M. the Queen, Lord Willoughby de Eresby and G/Capt. Douglas Bader, two of the vice-chairmen, received H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester when she came to the Gaumont Theatre for the première of *Down to Earth*, given in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Service men's Association. Rita Hayworth, who stars in the film, was presented to Her Royal Highness and later made a speech on the stage.

Members of the Corps Diplomatique at the première included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas with their younger son, H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador, H.E. the Saudi Arabian Minister, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones, of the U.S. Embassy. Among others in the audience were the Earl of Halifax, Mr. Anthony Eden, Sir John and Lady Priscilla Aird, Lady Willoughby de Eresby and her small daughter, Nancy, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Patricia Stourton, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, and Lady Caroline Thynne, who was one of the bevy of pretty young girls with collection-boxes for the good cause.

THREE was one of the biggest crowds ever seen at Sandown to watch the race for the Eclipse Stakes, which was won by the Aga Khan's good grey colt Migoli, who was second in the Derby and is now favourite for the St. Leger. Prince Aly Khan was there to see his father's horse win, and the first person to congratulate him in the unsaddling enclosure was Mr. John Dewar, whose Tudor Minstrel, the favourite, was second. This race showed that Tudor Minstrel, a brilliant miler, does not stay the longer distance, as was the case in the Derby. Mrs. Dewar, very smart in a light-blue suit and white hat, was also there and joined in the congratulations. There was some consolation for Mr. Fred Darling, the trainer of Tudor Minstrel, when The Cobbler, whom he trains for Col. Giles Loder, won the valuable Produce Stakes the following day in convincing style, thus showing he is probably the best two-year-old in training.

Among the big crowd in the members' enclosure I noticed the Earl and Countess of Lewes, the latter looking cool and attractive in a printed summer frock, the Earl and Countess of Durham, and the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the latter also wearing a print. Mr. John Ferguson and his daughter Ann, who has just announced her engagement, Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. Diana Smyley, Major Dermot Daly, Lord Tennyson, Lord Portarlington, Brig. Speed, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, the Hon. Richard Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Mrs. J. V. Rank, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. Rugg-Price, Cdr. and Mrs. Scott Miller, and the Hon. Robert Watson were also there.

THE Allied Circle gave a delightful and informal party at their spacious headquarters in Green Street to meet officers of the 81st Task Force of the U.S. Navy who have been visiting this country. The party started at 6 p.m. with a cocktail-party, where iced drinks and snacks were served by members of the Circle, who were wonderful hosts to their guests, both American and British. This was followed by a fork buffet supper, and afterwards there was dancing in the panelled ballroom.

The guests were received by the President, Lt.-Col. Lord Dudley Gordon, with Lady Evelyn Jones, and among the early arrivals were Mrs. Lewis Douglas, looking chic in black. She was quickly surrounded by naval friends, including Admiral Ragsdale, Cdr. Tulley-Shelley, Capt. Gurney from the Randolph, Capt. F. Wilson from the destroyer Cone, and Capt. B. N. Rittenhouse, who was in charge of the visiting U.S. midshipmen. Other charming Americans I met at the party included Cdr. Stiff, on leave from his ship, the Fort Mandan; Cdr. Pinney of the Hugh Purvis, and Cdr. R. W. Allen, who was one of the visiting U.S. officers and not to be confused with another popular American, Cdr. Arthur A. Allen, of the U.S. Navy Headquarters here.

Among the British guests I met Admiral Sir John Cunningham with Lady Cunningham, who was in evening dress prior to going on to another dinner. Farther on I met Sir Harold and Lady Hood, the latter vivacious and pretty, with her mother, Doris Lady Strabolgi. There were several ex-naval officers, now Members of Parliament, at the party, including Cdr. Galbraith, Cdr. Sir Archibald Southby with Lady Southby, Lt.-Cdr. Braithwaite and his wife, and Cdr. Maitland.

MRS. HUMPHREY TOLLEMACHE, wearing a wine-red dress with a magnificent diamond tiara, received the guests at the dance she gave for her daughter Jean, who looked sweet in a beautiful pale-pink satin dress with a pleated skirt.

The dance opened with Viennese waltzing, which everyone danced with enthusiasm, and enjoying a well-earned drink afterwards I saw Mr. John Henderson, Miss Marie Millington-Drake, Miss Caroline Sutherland, Mr. Paul Freyberg, Lady Elizabeth Lumley, and many others. The ballroom itself had four large french windows which were kept open during the whole evening, and guests sensibly took the opportunity of sitting out in the fresh air on the balconies between dances, including Miss Sharman Douglas, who looked very attractive in white tulle, Miss Juanita Forbes, Miss Penelope Harrison and Miss Anne Crichton, both wearing black. Also Lady Mary Cambridge, Miss Isobel Gurney, looking charming in a cream dress embroidered with sequins, her brother David, Miss Georgina Phillipi, who told me she was planning her marriage for to-morrow, August 7th, Mr. Robert Grimston and his sister Rosemary, and Mr. Paul Asquith.



Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, dancing with Capt. Victor J. Barriang, of the U.S. Marine Corps



Miss Pamela Kingelt and Lt. Jonathan Roberts. The dance was given by Mrs. H. D. Tollemache at the Hyde Park Hotel



Capt. J. F. D. Johnston with Miss Jennifer Bailey-Southwell during the dancing, which included several Viennese waltzes



Capt. H. D. Tollemache, R.N., and Mrs. Tollemache, with their daughter, received the guests

Dance for Miss Jean Tollemache

Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Another enjoyable dance was the one Mrs. Alistair Campbell gave to celebrate the debut of her daughter, Fiona, and the coming of age of her elder son, John; also the coming of age of her nephew, Melfort Campbell, who was minesweeping in the Pacific on his twenty-first birthday. Lt.-Col. Alistair Campbell received the guests with his wife, who looked charming in a lovely dress of gold brocade. Their daughter, Fiona, who is an attractive girl with lovely auburn hair, wore the traditional white, while her younger sister, Morag, who is only fifteen, looked sweet in green.

Among the young people I noticed dancing were Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, in a pretty candy-stripe dress; Mr. Alex Beattie, Miss Caroline Lascelles, Mr. Jim Emmet and his sister, Mary; Mr. Christopher Emmett, dancing with the Hon. Miranda Howard, now his wife; the Hon. Ardyne Knollys, Miss Jenefer Petherick, Mr. Anthony Arkwright, who came with his mother, Mrs. Wainman; Miss Judy Dugdale, who came with her mother, Pamela Countess of Aylesford; and Miss Judy Carmichael, who came with her aunt, Mme. de Rancour, and M. de Rancour, who is Air Attaché at the French Embassy.

Mr. and Mrs. Monty Fenwick brought their very pretty daughter, June, and their son, Tony, and others I met included Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Lord and Lady Adam Gordon, who were married in Edinburgh last month; Mrs. Hugh Campbell of Stracathra, who had just returned from America; Mrs. James Campbell, very good-looking in black, with a feather ornament in her hair; and Major and Mrs. Jack Hirsch. There were many Scotch dances during the evening, and a delicious supper of sea-trout and strawberries and raspberries brought from Col. and Mrs. Campbell's home in Aberdeenshire.

THE herbaceous border in the garden at 10, Downing Street was a blaze of colour and the band of the Royal Marines was playing merrily when guests assembled at the garden party which Mrs. Attlee gave for the King George's Fund for Sailors recently. After a delicious tea, when many guests on this hot day chose iced coffee, the Prime Minister made a short speech.

Among those listening to him were Lady Crosfield and her nephew, Mr. Paul Crosfield; Vice-Admiral Holland, Sir George and Lady Tilley, the Earl and Countess of Carrick, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Sir Patrick and Lady Hannon, the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Bracewell-Smith, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Miss Peggy Churchill, Sir Graham

and Lady Cunningham, who told me they have just moved into their new flat in Grosvenor Square; Viscountess Elibank and Lady Plender.

THE magnificent flowers presented to the principal artists at the end of the opening performance of Col. de Basil's Russian Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and the tremendous applause, showed how much the audience appreciated the return of this famous company to Covent Garden, after an absence of eight years, for a season which lasts until September 6th. Tatiana Riabouchinska, an attractive blonde, is the leading ballerina. The evening finished with *Graduation Ball*, an enchanting ballet in one act by David Lichine. Col. de Basil got a tremendous ovation when he came on the stage after the final curtain.

Among the audience I saw the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow sitting in the stalls, where also were Lord Bruntisfield, Major Norman Fraser and Miss Raine McCorquodale, escorted by Mr. Christopher Hodson. Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark had a large party in their box, including Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden.

Unfortunately Noel Coward's brilliant new play, *Peace in Our Time*, opened the same night, so I had to content myself with seeing it the second night, when I personally thought it was by far the best play I had seen since the war. But how much more enjoyable the evening would have been without "smoking permitted." I sat behind two non-stop chimneys, which, added to the other cigarette smoke which rose from the stalls, quite spoilt my view.

From a friend, who like many other members of both opening-night audiences was having supper in the Savoy Grill, I heard that the first-night audience who gave *Peace in Our Time* a wonderful reception included many stage celebrities. Diana Wynyard, as lovely as ever, was in white and sat in a box with Miss Lilian Hellman, the American dramatist on a short visit from the States, and Mr. Hugh Beaumont. On the other side the author sat in a box with his mother, Mrs. Coward, and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop. In the stalls were Clive Brook with his son, Fay Compton in black, Terence Rattigan, and Guy Bolton and his wife, who were chatting to Sir Louis and Lady Sterling. Lady Colefax was chatting to friends, as were the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, the latter wearing one of the new ballet-length evening dresses in taffeta; with this she wore her wonderful aquamarine necklace.

The photograph of Lt. Philip Mountbatten in the issue of July 23rd was by Baron.

The Summer Ball at Sandhurst



Guests arriving for the annual Summer Ball at the Royal Military Academy found sentries in old-time uniform posted outside the principal entrance



At one of the supper-tables: Mrs. T. Wright, Lt.-Col. T. Burrowes, Dr. G. P. Almond, Lt. R. F. Semple, Miss Coralie Burrowes and Mrs. T. Burrowes



A happy quintet consisting of Miss Monica Cochran, Capt. and Mrs. R. M. Birkenhauer, and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Straghan



Capt. Adrian Paton and Miss Derek Lloyd were two of the guests who were enjoying the evening's dancing



Lt.-Col. David Lloyd Owen dancing with Miss G. MacGregor. There was a large and very vivacious gathering for this popular ball

Wedding at St. Margaret's

Mr. David L.-M. Renfrew, M.P.,
and Miss Claire Duncan



Miss Rosemary Turnor, Miss Pamela Turnor
and Miss Catherine Barford at the reception,
which was held at 37, Charles Street, Berkeley
Square, W.1



The Hon. Lady Hood, wife of Sir Harold Hood,
Bt., and daughter of Lord Strabolgi, and Lady
Muir Mackenzie were two more of the guests

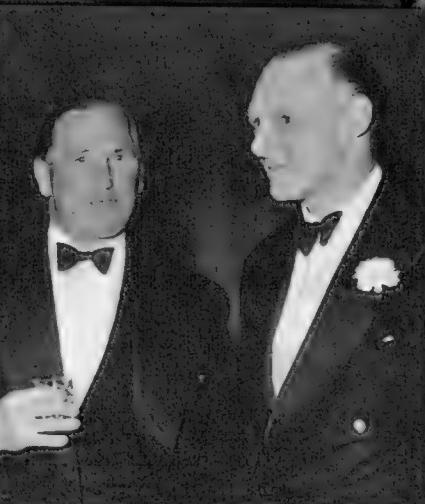


Swaebe

The wedding group : the bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Duncan, of Cadogan Square, was attended by Elisabeth and Romayne Grimston, Torquhil and Iona Colquhoun (her nephew and nieces), and David and Caroline MacLeod. Major John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., was best man



Lord Morton, who was a Golf Blue, Lord
Burghley (chairman of the dinner) and
Mr. E. W. Dawson



Mr. H. S. H. Gilmer and Sir W. W.
Wakefield, M.P. for Marylebone, the former
England Rugger captain



Mr. R. Murray Argyle (retiring president),
the Rev. R. D. Whitehorn and Mr. A. P.
Henderson (England Rugger captain)



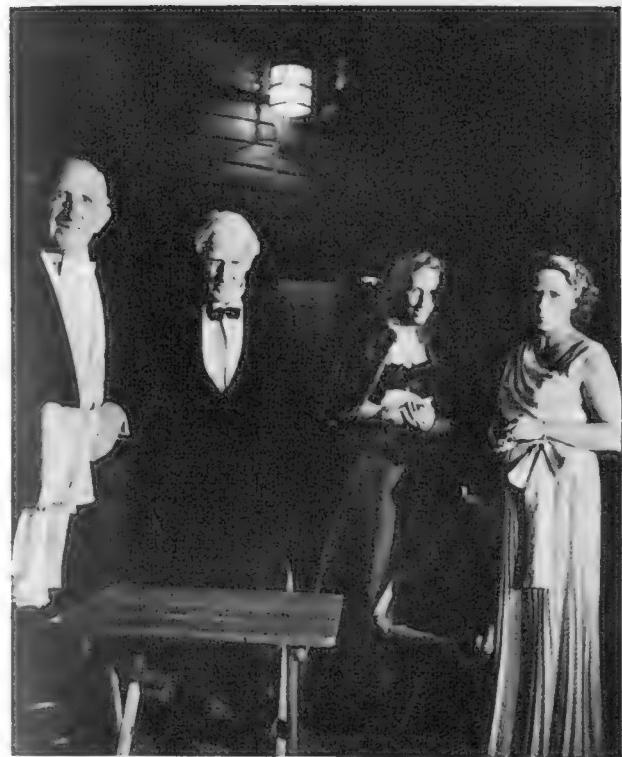
Mr. F. R. Brown, who has played in Test
matches against New Zealand, and Mr.
B. S. Gimberlege, who was a Rugby Blue



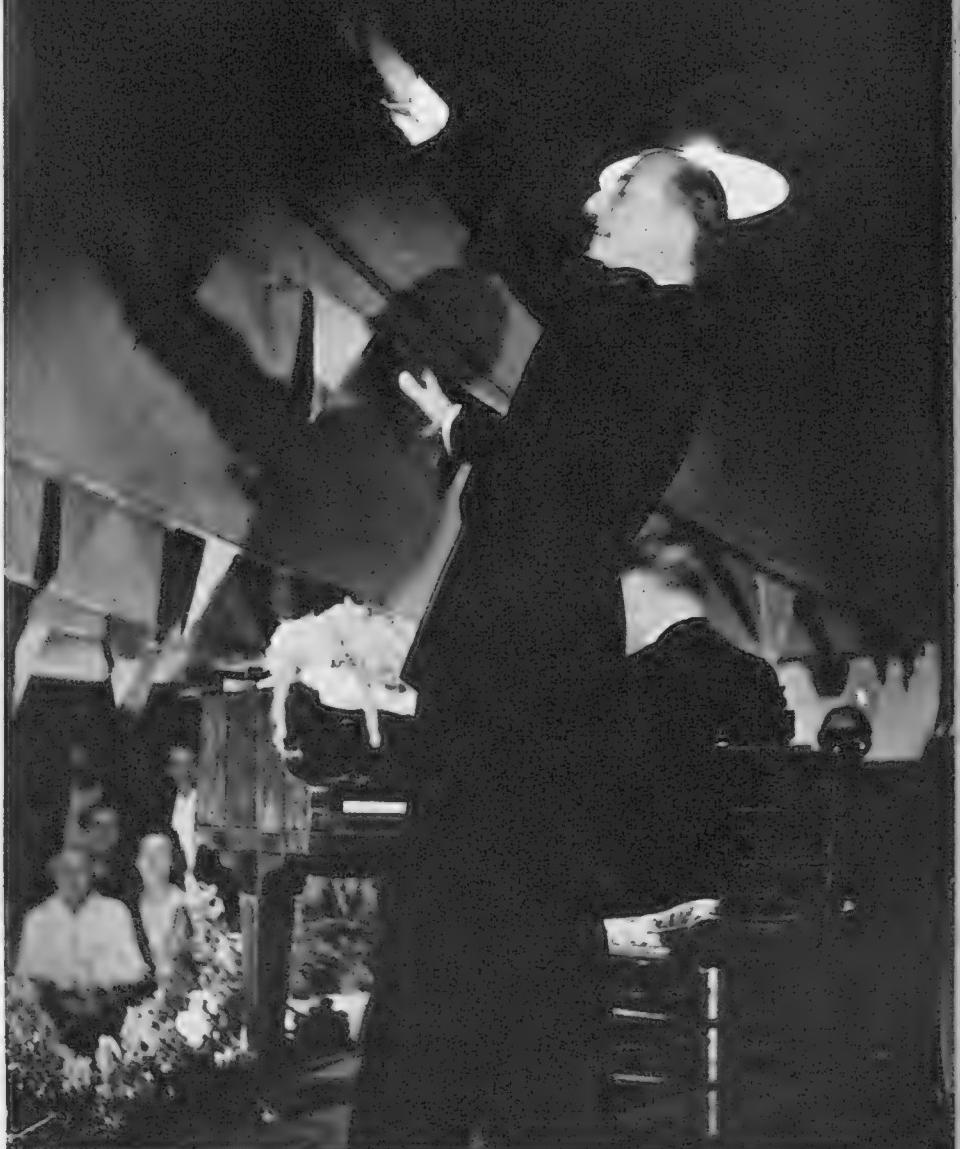
A group at the annual dinner of the Hawks Club, former Blues of Cambridge University, which was held at Grosvenor House : Mr. J. C. Allom (cricket), Mr. A. D. Allen (Rugger), brother of B. O. Allen, the Gloucestershire cricket captain, Mr. W. F. Tucker (cricket captain, 1926), Mr. T. D. Wallace (water polo), and Mr. G. A. C. Hamilton (Rugger captain, 1926)

The Hawks Club Annual Dinner

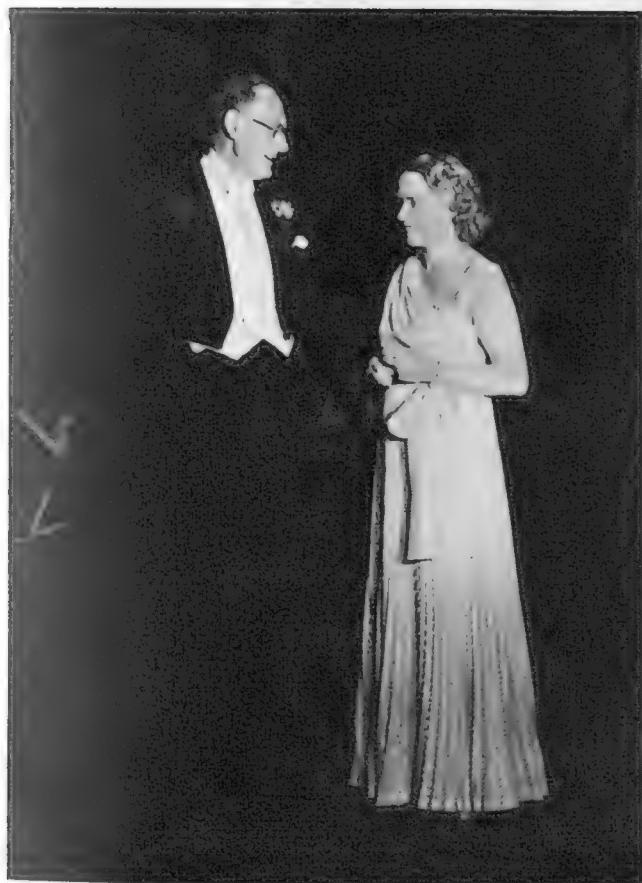
Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Deuchar Lend Their House for a Ball



Sir George Gater, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, the poet, Lady Gater and Mrs. V. H. Deuchar



Douglas Byng entertaining the guests during the cabaret. The ball was given to raise funds for the Ockley, Surrey, war memorial, and some 600 guests helped to contribute over £1000 to the fund



Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Deuchar, in whose home the ball was given. The garden was floodlit and there was an impressive firework display



Mrs. Suter, the Hon. John Gilbey, younger son of Baroness Vaux of Harrowden, and the Hon. Mrs. Gilbey



Mrs. Carlos Clark, Major Carlos Clark and Mrs. R. F. Burt, who all brought large parties

Self-Profile

Valerie Goulding

by Valerie H. Goulding

I VALERIE HAMILTON MONCKTON, was born on September 12th, 1918. My mother is Scotch, though her mother was half-German, being the daughter of Professor Max Muller, the expert on Sanskrit, and, incidentally, the originator of the Aryan theory, though he maintained that the true Aryans were the people of India. My father is English, but his grandmother was a gypsy who used to go round Kent selling clothes-pegs. One day she called at my great-grandfather's farm and, being very beautiful, very soon married him.

I was brought up in Kent and most of my time was taken up with horses, dogs and hunting. It was a very happy, carefree life. Then came the time when I had to go to boarding-school. This I did not enjoy, with its restrictions and discipline, and I used to long for the holidays, when I was free to roam where I wished. Next I went to Paris for three months to be "finished," and disliked this even more than boarding-school, for though I loved Paris, the finishing process seemed so artificial. At last I persuaded my parents to let me travel, not in Pullmans and luxurious cars, but on cargo-boats. It was a great experience, and I really learnt something about the countries that I visited, among them Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

My father then told me that I must find myself a job; so first of all I went to a commercial college and learnt shorthand and typing. During this time I was also coming out, and there were many parties and dances, but I was nevertheless glad that I had a job to do at the same time. I then worked for my father as his secretary, and in 1937 joined the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, not because I really thought there would be a war, but "just in case." Also my brother, who did think there would be a war, was a very keen member of his Cambridge O.T.C., and I think that this influenced me. We were both very politically-minded (very Right Wing, which we still are), and used to go to large numbers of meetings.

The War Years

NEXT year I left off working for my father and went to work at the War Office. In the holidays I used to travel—Egypt, Greece, Germany and France—and in the crisis of 1938 I joined the A.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.) and was very proud of being made a sergeant.

I went to Ireland for an Easter holiday in 1939 where I met my husband, Basil Goulding, an Irishman—or I should say perhaps Cromwellian Irish—and of a Quaker family. We were married a week before war was declared.

The following year our first boy was born, my husband then being in the R.A.F., and I went to live in England. I joined the Ambulance and later the Red Cross, and then in 1943 rejoined the A.T.S. as a private. Ten months later I got a commission. It was all a grand experience, and I learnt a great deal. I think that it would do every girl good to do some kind of national training, not necessarily military, for, say, six months, to teach her that there are other people in the world beyond her own set.

Life in Ireland

OUR second son was born a week after VE-Day, and at the end of 1945 my husband was demobbed and we came back to Ireland to live. Life in Ireland is very much easier for the average housewife than in England, although the cost of living is very high. Otherwise the only drawbacks I can find are the damp weather and the gossip. Dublin is very like a provincial town in England, and it

is easy to become very huntin', shootin' and fishin'. Although I am still very interested in politics over here I cannot take any part in them, firstly because I am a newcomer, and secondly because Irish politics, to my mind, are even more involved and complicated than in England.

It is my opinion that everyone should do some kind of work; not the housewives who have no help, but the luckier ones who have domestic help and nannies; not a full-time job necessarily, but definitely a part-time one, otherwise I think people become too housebound. I am hoping to get a job after the end of the summer when my third son, who was born in June, is a little older. I am an ardent feminist and think that there should be more women in Parliament and public life. I am sure that the average woman would take greater interest in politics if she had more time to herself, but after queuing most of the day and looking after her children she has not time; unlike the men, who go to work for eight hours a day and afterwards are free to attend meetings and talk politics in pubs.

One of my main hobbies, apart from tennis, is flying, and I am hoping that soon I will be able to take out an "A" licence. One's first solo is really exciting, and I am hoping that later on I may have a small plane of my own.

One thing I do know, and that is that all my life I have been extremely lucky, and I feel that I must have had more than my share of happiness, which is due to my family and friends.



Lady Basil Goulding, wife of Sir Basil Goulding, Bt.

Lenore

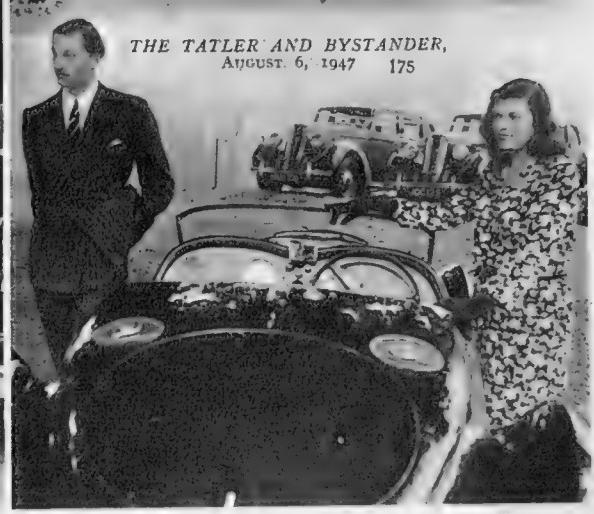


R.A.C. Jubilee Garden-Party at the Country Club at Woodcote Park, Epsom

Mrs. J. L. Jameson, Mrs. W. A. L. Cook and her daughter Jacqueline and Mrs. C. J. L. Martens. The garden-party was given by the R.A.C. for members of Associated Clubs



Mrs. M. Pope, Mrs. H. C. Dryden and Mr. D. T. Russell. Behind is Mr. Dryden's Packard with its very accessible tool compartment



Tasker, Press Illustrations

Capt. D. Treherne and Miss Dorothy Patten (Baroness Dorndorff). In the afternoon there was a Concours d'Elegance for members' cars which Earl Howe helped to judge

Priscilla of Paris Heavy Weather

THE - FARM - ON - THE - ISLAND.—It takes some time for news to arrive at my island. The tidings of Princess Elizabeth's engagement came on the morning of the French national holiday, and when the stately notes of "God Save the King" were played immediately after the "Marseillaise" after the march-past at the Cenotaph came to an end, I suddenly heard the cry of "Vive la Princesse!" and all the villagers, peasants, visitors—not forgetting the local fire brigade and "boi-scoots"—cheered lustily to wish her happiness! Very warming to my old heart.

The damage done by the heavy seas to my island home last winter is rather worse than I expected. The public path fronting the property has been completely washed away, together with the front gate and part of the crazy paving leading to it. This, however, has allowed me to close what remains of the path altogether, and now August trippers must either go round or climb down to the beach.

BEING an unsociable wretch when holiday-making, this rather delights me, but unless the local authorities keep their promise to

"do something" about a breakwater, only ten years or so stand between present conditions and the complete washing away of my shack. Why worry, however, about what may happen in ten years' time? Perhaps the sea will make its inroads on either side of the dune, where there are already deep lanes, and then. . . .

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

Swinburne must have known this happy corner of the world when he wrote those lines.

I HAVE little hope of the breakwater being built in my time. Far more needed repairs have not been made since the Occupants left. The jetty where the summer-months steamer used to arrive is fast falling in ruins, and now travellers arrive from the mainland in one of those queer, flat-bottomed barges that served to land soldiers during the war. Great excitement. When the wide portcullis, drawbridge or gangway (whatever its name may be) is lowered there is invariably another two or three yards of water to span before the passengers can step on to the sand dry-shod, and planks have to be added. Squeals of terror! Someone always manages to fall into the foot or so of water that swirls under the makeshift gangway, and, as the crowd that gathers to watch the disembarkation declares: "It's better than a circus!"

There have been tears as well as laughter on the island this week. A great friend has passed away. A grand old man of eighty-three, M. Fernand Hérard, whose well-filled years have been devoted to the welfare of this peaceful spot. An endless procession of mourners made its

way to the living-room of the farmhouse where he lay in state, his fine, eagle-like profile unchanged by death, his serene countenance gleaming like old ivory in the golden light of the wax tapers that stood on either side of the silver-and-ebony crucifix and faintly lit the darkened room.

THE islanders stole in as softly as their heavy sabots permitted, the holiday-makers, who have nothing here but gay attire, walked softly in their jute-soled *espadrilles*, the notabilities in their Sunday blacks, the nuns of the hospice, their voluminous skirts rustling over the stone-paved floor, wide-eyed children bringing flowers. . . . All softly weeping as they sprinkled Holy Water on the bier, whispered a prayer and then saluted, with the traditional three kisses, the dear old lady—his companion for forty years—who sat by him till the last sad moment.

Then the ultimate scene of all in the little country cemetery not far from the plot of ground where so many British soldiers lie under their wooden crosses. It was a solemn and elevating occasion, of a simple dignity which I, for one, shall not soon forget.



Voilà!

• A doctor meets a friend. "You look seedy, old chap," says the latter. "Feel rotten," answers the doctor, "and I'm off to consult a *confrère*." "Why not prescribe for yourself?" asks the friend. "My dear fellow, don't be absurd! I can't afford my fees!"





The Great Hall, built by Bourchier but altered by Sir Thomas Sackville (later first Earl of Dorset), who added the plasterwork ceiling, panelling and oak screen. Sir Thomas spent a fortune upon Knole



The East Wing of Knole, with Elizabethan chimneys.

KNOLE, THE HOUSE

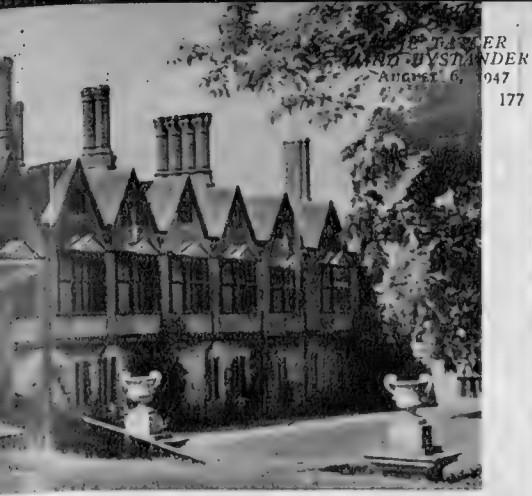
If a vote were taken on the most beautiful house in England, Knole near Sevenoaks, would figure high on the list. It has been given over to the National Trust by its owners, the Sackvilles, who still continue to occupy apartments there. Knole was originally built by Sir John Bourchier in 1456. Later it was coveted by Henry VIII, who gave it to his Archbishop Cranmer. In 1586 Queen Elizabeth I visited Knole, and it

Photograph by J. H. Colvin



The Cartoon Gallery, so called because of its copies of the Raphael cartoons. The floor is made of halved tree-trunks, with the rounded half downwards.

A turning in the Great Staircase. The heraldic leopard.



its gabled roof and fine examples of
the whole house covers four acres

MOST FAMOUS IN KENT

iful and representative English mansion, Knole, the short list. Earlier this year it was handed over, Lord Sackville, who, with Lady Sackville, consider it is an architectural flower of the Tudor period, bought by Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1525, to whom it was given by its fifth owner, Elizabeth gave it to her cousin, Sir Thomas More, who has been in possession of the family ever since

by Derek Adkins



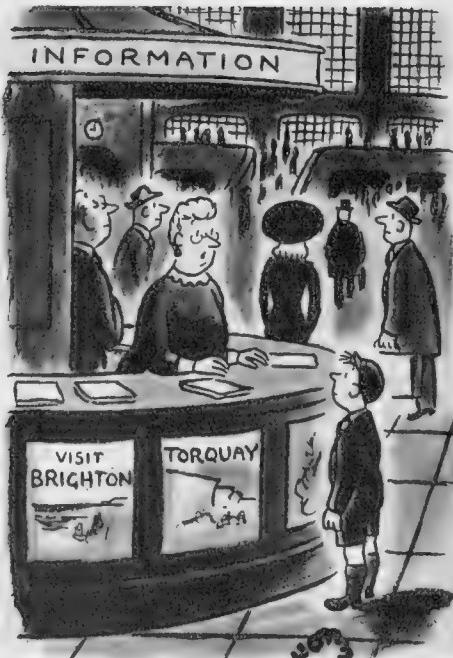
built at the beginning of the seventeenth century a characteristic feature of the house



Lady Sackville, wife of the fourth Baron, who was, before her marriage, a U.S. citizen. Lord Sackville has had a distinguished military and diplomatic career, and was for five years Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey



The Spangled Room, one of the three sumptuous principal bedrooms, has a particularly fine example of a four-poster bed reaching to the ceiling



"I rather think that's a question you ought to ask your father!"



"And the third line is a rather quaint little village in the Carpathians"



"... Algebra very good, Latin splendid, Conduct excellent, Hamper from Home superb . . ."

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By . . .

At Chitenay (Loire-et-Cher) the recent 300th anniversary of the birth of Denys Papin, one of the inventors of the steam-engine, passed off without recriminations, we gather from Auntie *Times*. Every science-boy present was careful not to raise the Unanswerable Question.

It would naturally have been put by Louis XIV, a man of high intelligence, to this steamy type Papin, had the two ever met, as possibly they did. Having asked a few questions about steam-engines and steam locomotion generally the Roi-Soleil would at length have infallibly come to it:

"By going faster you save time, Papin: *Entendu*. Time for what?"

"Er—"

Stumped. Stymied. Poor old Papin (Denys), shuffling his buckled shoes in the middle of a vast polished floor at Versailles and looking fifty kinds of cretin. He wouldn't know. Nobody knows, except City men rushing for planes, who often have a good idea but would die rather than reveal it. Had a frank and fearless business man been present at Versailles that day—say the powerful financier, Farmer-General, and future bankrupt, Samuel Bernard—he could have partially enlightened his Majesty, no doubt.

"Well, Bernard? What do you save time for?"
(A whisper in the Royal ear.)

"Ciel!"

(Exit *Roi-Soleil*, genuinely embarrassed.)

A purely financial solution in any case, leaving the question still unanswered for decent citizens.

Tip

INSTEAD of grinning recently at the trials of a poor little actress alleged to be South of France but actually South Kensington, the critic-boy concerned should have given her the advice we once gave an unfortunate little sweetheart from Bayswater playing a mad Cornish girl, amid terrific linguistic complications. "Get the author," we advised sympathetically "to change her to a mad Middlesex girl."

The author seemed dubious, for the play had been running a week. We pointed out that nothing is madder than a Middlesex girl, as a wealth of Middlesex folk-rhyme reveals. E.g.:

Cricklewood roguey—
Bogey-bogey.

And again:

Girls who live in Potter's Bar
All look barmy, and they are.

Eventually he took our advice, and the play was vastly improved and ran three weeks. When sinister Cornish characters snarled something at her like: "Jennifer Polwhiddle, my maid, du 'ee wed thiccy Black Jan arl neat an' vimblesome, or by zookers 'tis arl upzides wi 'ee," her ringing shriek: "Bay Heaven Mistah Tregizzick Ay will teah may ayes eöt faahst!" brought the house down. To make everything clear to the highbrows the author inserted a line explaining that her people emigrated to Hampton Wick in 1827.

Middlesex folklore is rich in the macabre, incidentally. Remind us one day to sing you an old ballad about a lovelorn Golder's Green peasant named Izzy Kibitzer, caught short on the Oil Market.

Sweetheart

WITH a light shudder a film-gossip reports that Dame Shirley Temple will play Juliet in the near future, and we ask ourselves why on earth not, if they get the right angle?

This typical small-town feud (as it might be Rockabye, Pa.) between the Montecchi and the Capuletti, first checked up by Dante (*Purgatorio*, VI), seems to us a slice of pie for the Dame. In her golden prime she could have settled all the trouble ("Oo's naughty mans!") in five minutes by shaking those roguey curls at all and sundry. Can she exercise the same healing influence in her sere-and-yellow twenties? Every tender heart will agree that she certainly can, as often as required.

Verona; a public Place. Enter Montagues and Capulets, fighting. To them enter Citizens, with clubs. Cirr.: Clubs, bills, and partizans! Strike! Beat them down!

(Enter JULIET.)

JUL.: Well, gee, for Heaven's sakes! Why can't we get together?

Why not be buddies, folks, in a big way?
(Abashed silence. Old Montague steps forth, his face working violently.)

MONT.: Say, listen, boys. I guess this baby's right—
Hunner-per-cent, at that . . .

Footnote

ALL hell would break loose again at Verona Rotary Club during the subsequent "get-together" luncheon, when young Romeo Montague rises to say a few words on "Service, Not Self." All present know that ominous gag spells big trouble for somebody, and there we are, off again. Action! Action! Obviously Shakespeare's final funeral-parlor sequence is out. You can't see the Dame as a stiff in Glorious Technicolor, can you?

Dope

A HEALTH-SPILLS-HAPPINESS pamphlet which came to us last week seemed vaguely familiar. We wondered where we had read the same kind of dope before. It turned up eventually in a satiric scene in *Piers Plowman*, which you probably know by heart:

Life leapt aside, and caught a leman to him,
"Health and I," cried he, "and an high heart
Shall keep thee from dread of Death or Eld . . ."

Whereupon a good time is had by all:

This pleased Life and Fortune his leman,
And they gloried and begat a gadling at last,
One that wrought much woe—Sloth was his name—
And Sloth waxed wondrously and was soon of age,
And wedded Wanhope, a wench from a brothel . . .

Wanhope (the lovely name!) is Despair, who comes to chaps who feverishly balance their calories and fuss over nutrition-intake and subscribe to health pamphlets. One thing only is necessary about diet, a Harley Street dietician lately confessed to us in a weak moment, namely to eat what you can get and eat it properly. As Professor Raleigh put it:

Eat slowly; only men in rags,
And gluttons old in sin,
Mistake themselves for carpet-bags
And tumble victuals in.

Or was it Keats?

Amphibian

RAPPING the axiles of an Essex seaside resort for not providing proper life-saving facilities, the Coroner might have mentioned that every decent-sized French beach normally has its official *baigneur*, complete with boat, boat-hook, raft, blankets, lifebuoys, a flagstaff for running up storm-flags, and everything required to rescue taxpayers from the bitter waves.

Two impressive specimens of *baigneur* linger in our memory. One is a human torpedo-speed-boat who used to rule the sea at St. Jean-de-Luz; a magnificent bronzed and hairy Hercules with rippling muscles who might have sat for Rodin, knew every aquatic trick, and was utterly ruthless with rich women. The other, an equally superb specimen of ex-naval manhood, burned a rich copper, ruled a small, remote, and unfashionable *plage* with absolute power, a fog-horn voice, and a huge splendid laugh which endeared him to all. The only flaw in this attractive monster was that when he fell out of his boat he couldn't (like many ex-naval men) swim. But his rhetoric and his gestures when fishing a stout Papa from the depths with one vigorous rearward jerk were finer than Mount-Sully declaiming Corneille. Hep! Hep! Du courage, mon cochon!

String

FARMERS are now unable, it appears, to buy a bit of binder-twine for their sheaves without a permit from the nearest bureaucrat, who naturally wants to know first what they need it for. "Tying up parcels for girl-friends," suggested a bitter agricultural expert in one of the papers.

In our corner of the Hick Belt we would deem any farmer wanting twine for that purpose a sissy, and our local Twine (Provisional Permit) Bureau narks would look askance at him from under their long silky lashes. In more decadent arcas, possibly farmers may even use blue-silk ribbon in addition and seal their parcels with a kiss. One naturally excepts Shropshire, where lads apparently have only one use for twine, and bureaucracy is used to it, and produces Agricultural Self-Extermination Form (587/BP/18a) without comment. But even here there may be trouble now and then.

"Why twelve and a half inches?"

"Nail be high."

"Have you a plan of your premises?"

(*Plan produced.*)

"I see that in your cowshed the beam is two inches lower. Can't you use that?"

"Noa, 'tain't praäper."

(*Here the bureaucrat leans back with a weary sigh.*)

"I take it your case is that your family have always hanged themselves in the best parlour?"

"Ur."

"Well, you know, things are not as easy as they were.... Fossick, give me the twine-import files for the current quarter."

So quite likely the applicant has either to hang himself in the cowshed, thus losing caste in fifteen parishes, or drag on hopelessly, knifing and strangling till the County Police get really annoyed.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A timid ROODLE shaking with fear as he tries to creep quietly past a sleeping GAGAFROOM!



Angus McBean

Mary Morris takes the part of the girl Resistance prisoner in *Men Without Shadows*, one of the two Jean-Paul Sartre plays at the Lyric, Hammersmith. She is of Welsh parentage and was born in the Fiji Islands. Educated at Haywards Heath, she had her dramatic training at the R.A.D.A., and has specialised in strongly emotional roles. Her performances in the films, *Prison Without Bars*, *Pimpernel Smith* and *Undercover*, will be particularly remembered, and also many stage performances, including an important role in *Duet for Two Hands* at the Lyric last year.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A VERY small boy came dejectedly home from his first day at school.

"I'm not going to-morrow," he announced.

"And why not?" challenged his mother.

"Well," he replied, "I can't read. I can't write.

They won't let me talk. So what's the use?"

A MAN, very obviously in bad condition from the night before, stepped up to a bar and muttered: "Give—give me something for a hang-over."

"What do you want?" asked the barman.

The sufferer blurted out: "Tall—cold—and full of gin."

"Sir," snapped a man standing next to him. "You are referring to the woman I love!"

A undertaker found a donkey lying dead in his backyard and went to inform the police.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked the police officer in charge.

"Do with it? Bury it, of course," said the officer, laughing. "You're an undertaker, aren't you?"

The undertaker looked him straight in the eye. "Certainly I am," he replied, "but I thought it my business to come round and inform the relatives first."

TWO drunks in a bar were discussing life. "I had the funniest dream last night," said one. "I dreamed that suddenly about a thousand funny little men were dancing on top of my body. They had pink caps and green suits and funny red boots that curled up in the front."

"Yes," agreed the other, "and there was a tinkly little bell at the toe of each of the boots."

"How do you know that?" said the first one in surprise.

"There are a couple of them still sitting on your shoulder," said the other.

TWO fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune, one having lost his wife, the other his boat.

A visitor called by mistake on the man who had lost his boat, thinking he was the widower.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," she said. "I am so sorry to hear of your loss."

"Oh, it don't much matter, Mum. She wasn't up to much," Smith replied.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Ay, she were a rickety old crock. I was always in danger of my life with her, indeed, I offered her to my mate only last week, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time past."



Cricket Week at Chislehurst

The West Kent Cricket Club, one of the most celebrated local clubs in the South of England, recently held a cricket week on the Chislehurst ground. It was a very successful event, and some excellent matches were played. Lt.-Col. R. A. Collins is seen sending a ball to leg during a match between the Royal Artillery and the Club

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A SAGE man once wrote, or sang, "My heart's in the Highlands!" This was probably after Goodwood, when he found that he could not go back to the place where he had left it. There may be many in his sad case this year, and I am sure that I know one of them who, though not a Scotsman, is at any rate a Celt. Even a Sassenach, if he has ever been north of the Grampians, or even north of the Tweed, must have sensed the magic of it. Any Celt would—but then, that race has the sixth sense.

Michael Scot, better known perhaps as "Michael the Magician," the Wicked Man who made the Devil build the Three Eildons in the Buccleuch country to freeze out the monks of Montrose, whose holy water interfered with his incantations, was not really a Scot at all. They said he came from Galway, and a broth of a boy he was, despite the evil company he kept; yet he was irresistibly drawn to Scotland; he loved it, and eventually died in the odour of sanctity after chasing the Devil all down the Tweed into the sea.

Land of Breakfasts

THEY call Scotland the "Land of Cakes." I think it ought to be called the "Land of Breakfasts," for no one in the world knows so much about that sometimes difficult meal than the inhabitants do. The Scots are the world's artists. A Scottish breakfast will pull you together even on the long trek from London Town to Thurso, where in 1916 I got a very good dinner at the hotel, and a real Scottish breakfast in the morn before going to Scrabster, port of departure for the ships that had fought at Jutland. H.M.S. Oak, on ferry duty, behaved so well that everyone was permitted to retain the finnan haddy, and so forth, and arrive at Scapa and the Grand Fleet ready to face even the worst that the snotties' mess in Warspite could do to them after the cocktails we had had in the wardroom—and eventually arrive all correct and present to lunch with the dear little Admiral in I.D.

The menu is one of my scrapbook's greatest treasures. This was all made possible by that grand Scottish breakfast. If it had been an English one it would have gone with the wind long before we reached the drifters holding up the anti-submarine nets, and not one of our gay company would have known or cared whether he was on the ocean or in the Piccadilly Tube. A somewhat sad memory these days, when hardly anyone knows how to spell the word "breakfast."

The only people of note (in addition to Guy Faux and Co. and Dr. Johnson) who have ever genuinely disliked Scotland were the merchants from Tyre and Sidon, who came over to the Shetlands with a shipment of eastern-bred horses quite cocksure that they could pass them on to the locals at double the price they had paid for them, plus F.O.B. When they departed for their Levantine home they had neither their horses nor the money. They had tried to take the breeks off a Highlander, and found it as difficult as have most other people.

Some do say that those grand little animals, the Shelties, are descendants of these Barbs, and personally I am inclined to credit it, for they have that unmistakable quality which the East has given to the horses which to-day win our classics. There is further possible confirmation of this yarn about these Carthaginian coppers to be found in some of those magnificent Highland shooting ponies, the ones that bring home the Monarch of the Glen. Their heads and necks are all Arab, and the rest of them miniature Clydesdale.

Frank Freeman

IT was often said of this great Pytchley huntsman that he hardly needed anyone to turn them to him, and probably most people who saw him at work would be ready to believe it. He always had them in front of him, and could do exactly as he liked with them because he possessed that magic vouchsafed to so very few. Even Lord Lonsdale's critical eye never detected a fault, though whether that great judge considered Frank Freeman the superior of Tom Firr, who was with Lord Lonsdale in Quorn days, I never knew. His lordship was one of the very few able to draw a parallel between these two great huntsmen.

Frank Freeman hunted his last Pytchley fox on April 18th, 1931, the day upon which the Heiress-Presumptive saw her very first hunted fox. Freeman lived at Brixworth, where the kennels are, and it was there he died at the age of seventy-one; and by a curious coincidence it was at Brixworth that the first known professional huntsman in this country also lived, and probably died. This was Alwin the Hunter, in the times of the Heptarchy. In later years Frank Freeman could only wear one spur owing to a break in the lower part of his leg, and quaintly enough this accident happened when he was on foot walking into a covert in which hounds had killed their fox. He tripped over some rabbit netting or ground ivy, so I was told—an unsatisfactory way to meet disaster.

See How They Run!

AND I do not suppose that you and I have much difficulty in naming the blind mice. Honestly, has anything that has happened quite recently at Ascot, Newmarket or Sandown put the Leger winner in our pockets? Some optimists try to persuade us to the contrary, and are handing up certainties on a plate almost every day of the week. Combat one day, Cadir the next, Migoli the day after that, Mermaid the day after the day after to-morrow, with Pearl Diver, Sayajirao, Petition, and one or two more thrown in for good measure. It is very apt to make the very best-screwed-on head go round.

The bookmakers now hand us Migoli, the Eclipse winner, as something like a 2 to 1 proposition for the Leger. Coincidentally with all this, they have linked Pearl Diver at 5 to 1 with Blue Train, about which latter colt we knew little more than that he was not supposed to be as good as Tudor Minstrel. In the Derby Migoli made his final assault on Pearl Diver about one-and-a-half to two furlongs from the post; he never got upsides with him, and eventually the Frenchman won quite comfortably by four lengths. Would it be putting it too high to claim that on that day Pearl Diver was a 12-lb. better colt than Migoli? Now the latter wins a 1½-mile race, and the bookmakers, and some other people, indicate that he must be better over 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards than Pearl Diver. How come?

When I ventured to point out in these humble scribblings anent Tudor Minstrel that a mile at Newmarket was not the same as 1½ miles at Epsom, even some of my closest friends flew at my throat. Then came the money for Tudor Minstrel, and he went to odds-on. It seemed impossible that this could have happened merely because somebody thought that he could get 1½ miles. There must have been a solid foundation. Quite undaunted, I now say that there is a hailstorm of a difference between 1½ miles at Sandown and the long trek at Doncaster, and that you and I are still two of the blind mice. I merely put it to the jury that on Derby Day Pearl Diver was the thick end of a stone better than Migoli. I put in the Epsom and Doncaster courses as Exhibits "A" and "B." The Cobbler won the National Produce Stakes, as was a foregone conclusion. He is much better class than either Delirium, Howdah, or any of the others, and I am sure that he can take the Middle Park or the Dewhurst, or anything else home with him this season if it is decided that he should.

Scoreboard



NOT since Capt. C. B. Fry said that nearly all illness derives from the stomach, and the Radio Doctor disagreed, has the Air produced so good an up-and-downer as that which ignited itself between Mr. Peter Wilson, Sports Writer, and Mr. Donald, a Boxing High Authority. When the chairman, Mr. Stewart MacPherson, joined in, they sounded like a Brazilian millionairess explaining to railway officials in France that her husband with the tickets is lost and her pet pug perambulating upon the permanent-way.

WE hope for even better things. It is but a step from the Unrehearsed Backchat to the Secreted Dissident. Thus. Mr. J. B. Priestley, conscious of his mission to purify world thought, is doing so. He approaches the climax of his sermon, when a small and rather vulgar man pops up from behind a screen, or from under the table, and says: "Ere, Mr. High-Priestley, that's all boloney."

"Boloney, Mr. Er—er . . . ?"

"Yus. There's a shorter word for it. And Boggs is the name. Albert Boggs."

But life, poor old fellow, is never like that. Anyhow, ponder on these things, and, when the world is as flat as a glass of beer, and the cat's

done it again, remember that the Association Football League championships will soon be here once more.

BUMPED off the kerb by a female ice-hockey player, while a fire-engine whizzed past and two electric drills tore the heart out of the road, I thought of a recent letter from my African correspondent, M. D. Lyon, dispenser of justice in Nairobi and district, former Somerset batsman-wicket-keeper and the only man who has bowled a googly with a rock-bun in first-class cricket.

"Returning," he wrote, "from an outlying court the other day, I watched nine elephant feeding very peacefully, except for some barging and squealing when two second-row forwards wanted to chew the same juicy branch. Four wild pig scampered round them, and about 100 monkeys, with black bodies, white faces, and short, neatly-trimmed beards, barracked from the tall trees nearby."

SUCH is the camaraderie of modern life that the time cannot be far ahead when surnames will pass entirely out of use; anyhow, in sport. Already we read of "Another Century by Len" and "Bruce Wins by Second Round K.O." Soon, the official cricket score will read:

Bill c Jack b Joe	0
Jimmy b Bert	26

Umpires: Dick and Tom.

Scorers: Hilary and Lancelot.

AN American lady lawn-tennis star, looking back on her amateur days, is reported as remarking what a nuisance were the preliminary

stages of any tournament. "The first two or three rounds," she said, "did me more harm than good." In other games, too, I have heard the same complaint. Slumphz, the champion chess player of Varna, has told me how unsettling he found the less-accomplished performers. "They would sometimes castle illegally," he said, "or use a bishop as a knight. But my most demoralising opponent was a Macedonian who kept trying to take my king with his sole remaining pawn. It was later discovered that he had forged his entry form."

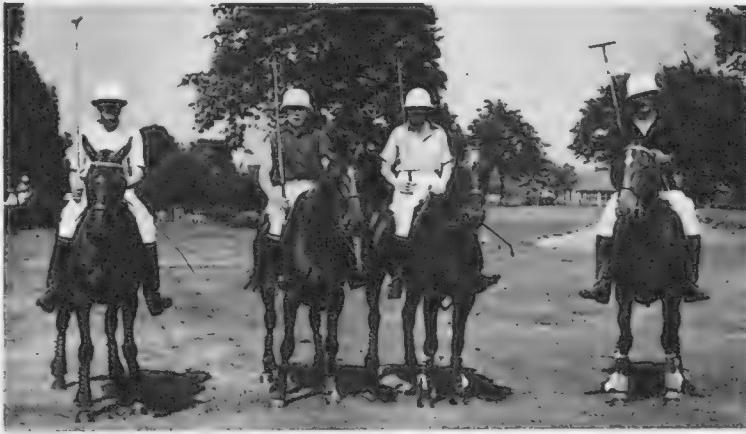
M YSELF, I have been forced to cease playing in match-play golf tournaments owing to the horrible styles adopted by my opponents in the earlier rounds. Nothing is much more deleterious to one's concentration than an opponent who lies down on the green and puts with a driver. Once I was pitted against a 36-handicap player who took a run at all his mashie-niblick shots. Another, an estate-agent and valuer, tied two clubs together for all his bunker strokes; and they were many. Now, I enter only for stroke competitions. When my play wants tightening up (as Bernard Shaw observed when the bottom dropped out of Act 3 in his *Love in a Bathing Machine*), I seek the company of the best golfers. Snobbish, you say?

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

Polo is Played Again at Roehampton



Three polo teams played a tournament at the Roehampton Club recently. The referee, Col. Charles Muller, is seen with the Ham team, Mr. L. Nichols, Mr. L. H. Storey, Mr. W. Walsh and Major S. C. Deed



The Henley "B" team, Mr. M. Hymans, Mr. D. Little, Mrs. P. Fleming and S/Ldr. A. L. Roberts. It was the first time polo has been played in the London area since the war



On the point of scoring a goal in the game between Henley "B" and Henley "A," the third team in the tournament



Lt.-Col. H. Guinness clearing in front of the goal for Henley during the Henley "A" versus Ham game

Elizabeth Bowen's

Bookshelf

"IT has been my experience" (remarks Collie Knox, in his foreword to *People of Quality*) "that when human beings have attained their ambitions, they become, except in isolated instances, much nicer individuals. They have ceased their biting and scratching. Whereas once they stamped with both feet on those who stood in their path, they are now kindly and not at all violently inclined. Of course, inherently fine spirits of the earth have 'made' the grade without displaying envy, hate or any uncharitableness. These indeed we have loved—and will continue to love."

"But the ordinary human creature, who has arrived at his goal, is mellowed by success, and, putting it at its lowest, can afford to be cooperative and all things to all men. In short, the tumult and the shouting past, life allows them to be as pleasant as God always intended them to be."

In *People of Quality* (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.) Mr. Knox gives us portraits of twenty-one persons who have made their mark in life, and who rank high in the world that we now know. Totally, and indeed fascinatingly, unlike one another in many particulars, they have one common denominator: fame. Or, perhaps one should rather say, famousness—the latter being a state, the former an attribute. And also, the reviewer should make it clear that Mr. Knox is not merely giving us twenty-one "success stories." Here we have studies not so much of success as of fulfilment. When both go together, how excellent—but the two are not necessarily the same.

We all (I hope) know happy characters who have attained fulfilment while remaining quite unknown to the world; without taking public office, figuring in a headline or making more money than they need to support life on the terms they wish. Equally, we have met that anomaly, the "success" who remains, inwardly, frustrated—who has been, he or she feels, a success for the wrong reasons, who has had to jettison some ideal or hope. Success without self-realisation is bitter fruit—those who have had to eat of it are to be, sadly, recognised.

* * *

FOR Mr. Knox's "people of quality," success has been, in its taste, unmarred. They have given their very best powers to a world which has recognised their worth. It is for that, if one must envy, that they are to be envied. But even at that, as he points out, they are not to be envied without qualifications. Fame brings with it heavy penalties—not least the loss of "cosy obscurity." Democracy takes a tax of its public figures; and the many blessings attendant on being nobody in particular cannot but, from time to time, be wistfully thought upon.

Not the least admirable quality, I must remark in passing, of *People of Quality* is, that while it makes the great seem, also, nice, it makes the rest of us feel extremely lucky. Nor need we, even, draw sighs of too painful sympathy on behalf of these illustrious twenty-one; for that very resilience which carried them on to fame helps them, now, to sustain it with equanimity.

Reviewed Here

- "People of Quality"
- "Delta Wedding"
- "We Happy Few"

The majority, though to our loss not all, of the people in question are still living. The twenty-one are as follows: Lord Lloyd of Dolobran; the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.; Lord Inverchapel, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G.; "Jean Knox"; Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Brownning, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O.; Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt., K.T., P.C., C.M.G.; Major-Gen. E. B. Ashmore, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O.; Mabel Constanduros; Sir Alfred Munnings, K.C.V.O., President of the Royal Academy; Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, Bt., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Ian Hay (Major-Gen. Ian Hay Beith, C.B.E., M.C.); Sir Max Beerbohm; Sid Field; Christopher Stone; Sir Geoffrey Archer, K.C.M.G.; Archbishop Temple; Sir Louis Sterling; Dame Edith Evans and Sir Max Beerbohm (the author's step-uncle) particularly enjoyable. And that of the author's father, Vesey Knox, K.C., ranks, from the human point of view, high.

* * *

THE reduction of this list to twenty-one was not, Mr. Knox tells us, without difficulty: when first this book was projected he sat down to make out a list of people who would qualify for inclusion in it, and reached, in the course of the first half-hour, the awe-inspiring number of ninety-eight. So, a pause for breath and hard reflection ensued. Few, Mr. Knox decided, the portraits should be, but full. So—

As it finally stood, and stands, the *dramatis personæ* shook even Mr. Noel Coward, who exclaimed: "Good heavens, what a cast!" Indeed, it is to be seen that Mr. Knox has been wide in his choice: practically no field of activity remains unrepresented. Each figure carries with it its own professional background, so

that the sum effect of *People of Quality* is an all-round view of contemporary public life.

Has he, he asks, put too much of himself into this book? No one, Collie Knox being Collie Knox, will think so. He has, one might rather feel, captured the personalities of these people by just what is personal in his own angle. "I write of them," he says, "as I myself know them." He has always, he says, been something of a hero-worshipper, and that appears—but are we the worse for that? In every one of these studies he emphasises not what might be called the copy-book virtues of the subject, but rather the little knots, mysteries, contradictions, even contrarities, in the character. He can, quite discreetly, show the degrees of his own liking, and draw on good-natured irony where a sympathy fails. There is a high level of illumination, liveliness and honesty in all



Marjory M. Browne, whose children's book, "Squirrelbeg's Magic Nuts" (Morris and Co., Dublin; 6s.) has been very well received, is the granddaughter of Lord Richard Browne, brother of the late Marquess of Sligo

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ROY HENDERSON, conducting the Nottingham Oriana Choir and the Boyd Neel String Orchestra, produces a musically recording of *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi. This young man (he was only twenty-six when he died in 1736) left behind a quantity of music, the best-known of his works being *La Serva Padrona* and *Stabat Mater*, which was composed in 1729, the year in which he left the Naples Conservatory.

The soloists are Kathleen Ferrier and Joan Taylor. Miss Ferrier's performance is always rich and even, and but for a tendency to sing her high notes too loudly Joan Taylor does well with the soprano part.

The tone and phrasing of the orchestra are well sustained throughout the whole work, and the choir puts up a sound performance. Their diction is good, though they are inclined to scoop up to high notes. The recording itself is one of which Decca can be justly proud.

The work is not over-wide known, and it is pleasing to find it available for the gramophone. Decca (K. 1517-21).

Robert Tredinnick.

these twenty-one word-portraits: it should be left to individual readers to single out any one. Your reviewer found those of Archbishop Temple, Ian Hay, Mr. Morrison, Dame Edith Evans and Sir Max Beerbohm (the author's step-uncle) particularly enjoyable. And that of the author's father, Vesey Knox, K.C., ranks, from the human point of view, high.

* * *

"**DELTA WEDDING**" (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.) is Eudora Welty's first novel—and what a beauty it is! It is far from being her first book: she has already given us two collections of stories, and a fantasy entitled *The Robber Bridegroom*. In fact, I don't imagine that anyone who is on the look-out for anything new and great in writing can by now have overlooked the work of this young American, or that anybody susceptible to the magic of writing can have forgotten hers, once met.

In her short stories there have, from the first, been flying particles of genius—sometimes it could be said that these flew off too furiously and at too wild a tangent. One or two of the stories in her second collection, *The Wide Net*, made me terrified that she might be heading for esoteric incomprehensibility. (That the possible destination of any writer living thousands of miles away, whom one has never met, should be able to agitate one so profoundly is, I suppose, a tribute.) It was obvious that Miss Welty knew what she was doing, but I did hope she was not intending to leave me, as one affectionate reader, too far behind.

She has now, as I say, taken what for an already acknowledged mistress of the short story might be a rash step—written a full-length novel. Up to now her art has shown itself capable of two extremes—realism (to, sometimes, the point of baldness) and poeticalness: the best of her short stories have pitched themselves midway between the two. So has *Delta Wedding*—and, still better, this under analysis perfectly simple story has drawn into itself the whole of Miss Welty's both human and visionary imagination.

It is the story of nine-year-old Laura, going to visit her cousins, the Fairchilds of Shellmound Plantation in the Mississippi Delta, for a week in which a wedding is to take place. The bride-to-be is Dabney, the second Fairchild daughter, who, at seventeen, has announced her engagement to Troy Flavin, her father's estate manager. Not—one gathers—the match that might have been hoped for for the child of one of the ancient Delta families; but love is love, Troy is a good fellow, and, anyhow, who shall say Dabney nay? Shellmound, when Laura arrives, is full of piano-playing, laughter, tears, sighs, shouts, whispers, people running up and down stairs. Magical, always, to Laura (whose mother, who died a few months ago, had been Annie Laurie Fairchild by birth) the house, throughout this

golden Delta September week, is a scene of sublime confusion.

* * *

THIS very confusion, for the first fifty pages, may infect or affect the reader—perhaps too much so. Laura knows who everyone is: you and I do not. One might do no harm in taking pencil and pad and jotting down the cast as one disentangles them—noting the fact that (for instance) Little Uncle and Aunt Studney are, together with Vi'let and Roxana, negro servants; that India, Little Battle, Shelley, Orrin and Bluet are young Fairchilds, and that Jim Allen is a maiden aunt. Aunts Jim Allen and Primrose live at a subsidiary family house, The Grove: when not being visited by contingents of young Fairchilds on horseback, they turn up at Shellmound in an electric car driven by a coloured preacher. Great-aunts Mac and Shannon live at Shellmound itself; their ancient wits elegantly wander; they from time to time break out into conversations with the beloved dead who long ago died young.

The actual time of the story is 1923, but one is suspended in a feeling of timelessness—the American Civil War is still only yesterday for the great-aunts, and a Fairchild's death in a duel still leaves empty Marmion, another family house which is now to be Troy's and Dabney's young married home.

Another vigorous character in the story is a train called the Yellow Dog. It is this train (officially the Yazoo-Delta) which has brought Laura from the city of Jackson; which connects Shellmound life with the other city of Memphis; which has only just failed to run over Uncle George (Mr. Doolittle, the Yellow Dog's engineer, had pulled up, got out and apologised profusely), and which, chuffing along, as with each day the pre-nuptial excitement rises, delivers at the Fairchilds' family station the wedding-cake, the bridesmaids' shepherdess crooks, the bouquets. There is a heart-breaking sweetness about his book, a sense of the momentum, joy, pain and mystery of life. *Delta Wedding* is not specifically American: I think it strikes a note to which people all over the world will respond. Obviously, no book is everybody's book, and I pick, in advance, no quarrel with those who may not happen to care for this one. All the same, I should like to think that *Delta Wedding* may, in time, come to be recognised as a classic.

* * *

"WE HAPPY FEW," by Helen Howe (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is not only, also, American in origin, but strongly American, or at least New England, in character. It is a somewhat ruthless *exposé* of the manners and morals of one group of Harvard University's younger married set. Miss Howe assures us that her characters are imaginary: I believe her, and I prefer to do so. This novel, I understand, has been a best-seller in the United States—particularly, I should imagine, in the Middle West, in which region the frigid New England heroine finally finds her soul.

In Dorothea Calcott, *neé* Natwick, Miss Howe gives us a vain, intolerable woman who none the less rivets the reader's interest, if never sympathy. The type of woman whom the late E. M. Delafield portrayed so truly, and with whom she so inexorably dealt. Dorothea, in marrying John Calcott, upright and sensitive son of an old Bostonian family, considers herself to be conferring a benefit. She has already rejected (one must say, wisely) Walt Stevens from Idaho, raving prig and bore—from whom, in her elegant maturity, she is to have a second, still more narrow, escape. Between the two Walt episodes she has had an affair with Gordon, attractive cad: the humiliating end of the affair has taught Dorothea her first lesson.

Dorothea's love-life, however, is incidental: *We Happy Few* has, definitely, a message. The message, I think, is chiefly to America—and I must say I hope the British reader may not form his, or her, sole idea of Harvard from Miss Howe's drawing of one second-rate little group. Incidentally, why do the British publishers call this a picture of Harvard "during the inter-war years"? The first, short part of the novel describes Dorothea's girlhood in 1923; but the main action opens in 1940. Those who knew Oxford or Cambridge during the war should be interested to see what was happening at Harvard then.



CHARLES MORGAN WRITES A NEW NOVEL

Charles Morgan has written a new book called *The Judge's Story*, which will be published at the end of this month—his first full-length novel since *The Voyage* of 1941. His three novels *Portrait in a Mirror*, *The Fountain* and *The Voyage* won the three major literary prizes, the Femina, the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black, and he recently received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from St. Andrews University.

His wife, Hilda Vaughan, has a new novel, *Iron and Gold*, in preparation. They have a son, Roger, aged twenty-one, who is serving in Germany with the Grenadier Guards, and a daughter, Shirley, who has worked on Government service since 1943. They live in Campden Hill Square, W.



Photographs by Derek Adkins



Gibson — Breen-Turner

Major David Gardiner Gibson, the Royal Scots, only son of the late Mr. William Gibson, C.B.E., and Mrs. Gibson, of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, and Didsbury, Manchester, married Miss Ann Jocelyn Breen-Turner, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Breen-Turner, of Tan-y-Graig, Bangor, North Wales, at Bangor Cathedral



Oppenheimer — Lucas-Tooth

Sir Michael Oppenheimer, Bt., only son of the late Sir Michael Oppenheimer and Lady Oppenheimer, and stepson of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, of Brenthurst, Johannesburg, married Miss Helen Lucas-Tooth, elder daughter of Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, M.P., and Lady Lucas-Tooth, of Burgate Court, Fordingbridge, Hants., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Baldry — Martin

Mr. George Edward Baldry, son of the late Mr. George Baldry, and of Mrs. Baldry, of Wimbledon, married Miss Janet Mary Martin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Martin, of Northolt, at St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill



Burt — Treseder-Griffin

Mr. Eric Burt, only son of the late Mr. Henry Burt, J.P., a former High Sheriff of Middlesex, and of Mrs. Burt, of Queen's Gate, London, married Miss Valerie Treseder-Griffin, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Treseder-Griffin, of Lisvane House, Glamorganshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Cameron — Asprey

S/Ldr. Neil Cameron, D.S.O., D.F.C., only son of the late Mr. Neil Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, of Perth, Scotland, married S/O. Patricia Louise Asprey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Asprey, of Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington

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Basic Black

and
its Accessories



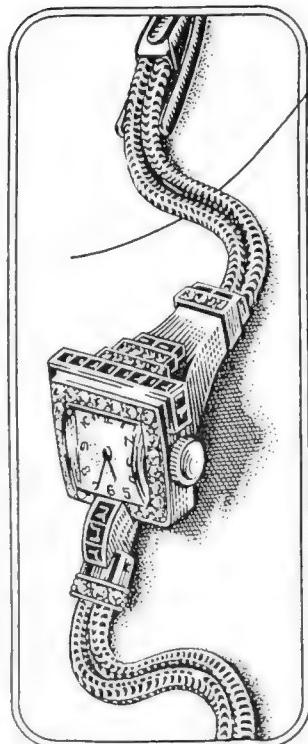
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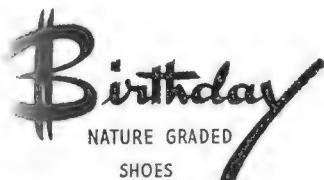
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman



Joan Colston

Miss Elizabeth Mary Townsend, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. O. Townsend of Swaffham, Norfolk, is being married this month to Lt. John Goble Brayne, R.N., second son of Col. F. L. Brayne and Mrs. Brayne of the Glebe, Ashill, Norfolk

Miss Joan Colston, who has announced her engagement to S/Ldr. Allan John Madge, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Madge, Brabourne Rise, Beckenham, Kent. Miss Colston is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Colston, The Danes, Penn, Bucks



Hildred Elinor Macmillan

Miss Hildred Elinor Macmillan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Macmillan of Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, is marrying, next month, Capt. I. J. A. Fleming, the Cameronians, elder son of Mr. W. Y. Fleming of Shandon, Dumbartonshire and of Mrs. W. Y. Fleming of Telham Hill, Sussex



Carol Erica Howard

Miss Carol Erica Howard, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Howard of Foxburrows, Great Warley, Essex, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Graham Keith Gallwey Bell, only son of Mrs. Barbara Bell of Farnham, Surrey, and Capt. N. K. Bell of London

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Oliver Stewart on FLYING



Woman Parachutist, Mademoiselle Bellu, of the French Aero Club, Loir-et-Cher, made two descents from 2,000 feet at the Air Display and International Rally at Elstree, Hertfordshire. She is seen here in an aeroplane just before she took off for her jumps

September is an almost bigger aeronautical month than August, but the tone is different; rather more technical and less spectacular. The Anglo-American Congress starts the month on the 3rd September and then there is the great Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Radlett from the 9th to the 11th with the Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party at the same aerodrome on the 14th.

Rescue the Perishing

IT is difficult to decide whether the steps taken to save the London Aeroplane Club from extinction are to be unreservedly welcomed. There is no doubt about the generosity of the gesture which has enabled the de Havilland Aeronautical Technical School to take over the club and to allow it to continue

operations at its ordinary aerodrome of Panshanger.

Yet it seems rather tragic that a club with the historic achievements of the London Club should have to be "saved" by anybody or anything. Yet it would have had to close up without this help. Like other clubs it was finding that flying was costing much too much.

But look at the larger question. Is it an advantage to have clubs kept going by the charitable action of manufacturers? Is it even an advantage to have them kept going by the enforced action of the tax-payers—that is by subsidy? I doubt it. The value of the clubs diminishes as they sign away their independence.

I would like to see private and club flying made really free—free of all the rules and regulations which put the price up so fantastically. It would mean facing increased risks and there might be a few more accidents. But there would be a chance for club aviation to stand on its own feet or—to turn to the phrase of our greatest statesman—to "fly by itself."

Flying Boat Fighter

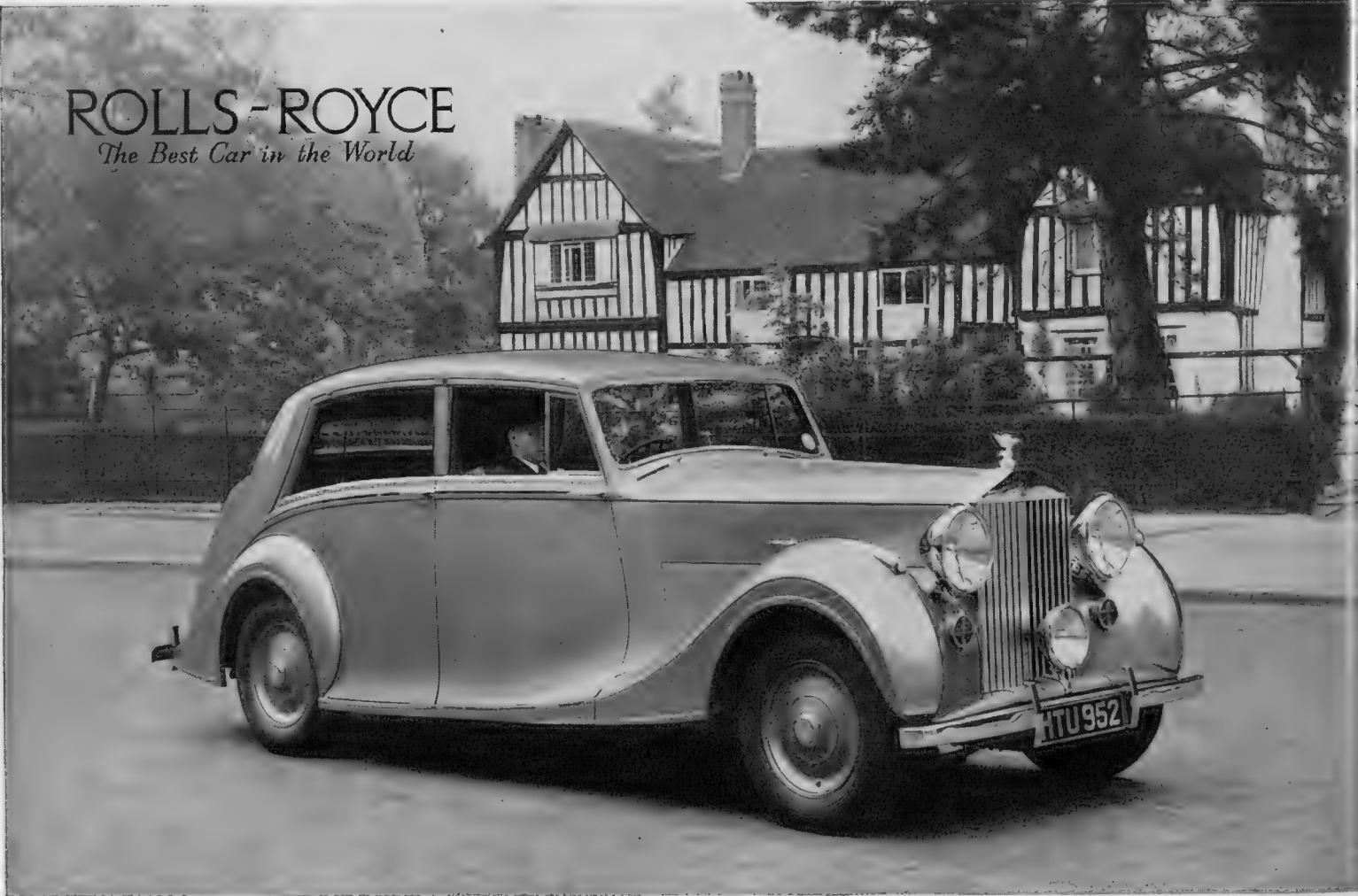
So far as I could see from an admittedly cursory glance through the daily papers, *The Times* achieved a scoop about the first flight of the Saunders-Roe flying boat fighter. This machine is of very great importance, for it represents a new line of thought in marine aircraft. It challenges the theory that high performance cannot go with the hull type flying boat.

The Saunders-Roe fighter is a twin-jet boat with extremely clean lines. It is largely due, I believe, to a piece of strongly original thinking by that master of the flying boat in all its forms, Mr. Arthur Gouge.

Naval officers attach much importance to the new machine and believe that it may solve some of their special problems.

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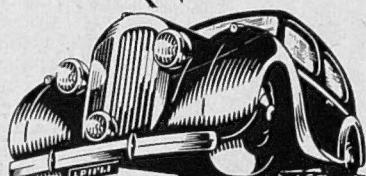
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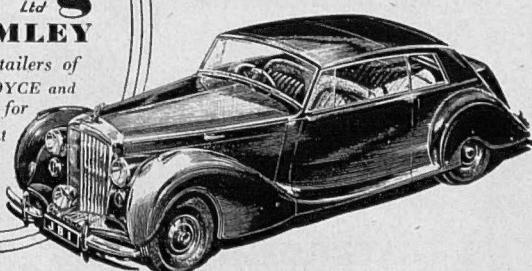
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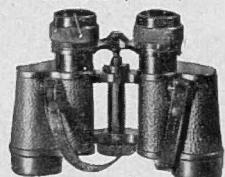
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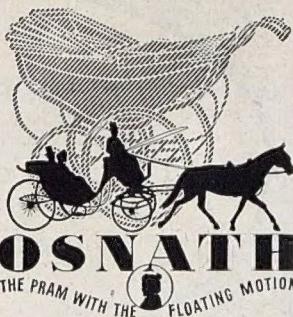
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